

THE RADICAL.

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PUBLIC WORSHIP.

CONSIDERING the education and the customs of New England people, no one can wonder at the prevalence of the idea among them that God is pleased with the observance commonly called "Public Worship," and that He requires it of men as a duty.

The advantage of public religious *instruction* is manifest, and is universally conceded. But a separate claim is made for periodical public worship, as a universal duty.

The idea is that God is pleased with public applause, sincerely offered at stated times.

The assumption is that He commands it, and commands it in the Bible, though no proof of this assumption can be found there.

The pretence is that it is the duty of *all* to pay this observance ; it is constantly so represented in sermons preached upon the subject, and in the publications of the American Tract Society. And the further pretence is that the Bible expressly requires this observance to be paid every Sunday.

Neither the idea, the assumption, nor the pretence, will bear the light of candid examination.

The Bible (even if it were admitted to be a unitary book, instead of two collections of books, and even if it were further admitted to be infallibly inspired,) gives no command for attendance on such meetings as the Protestant and Catholic clergy hold on Sundays. Some portions of the Old Testament enjoin upon the Jews certain religious observances ; some portions of the New Testament recommend to Christians certain other religious observances ; but no part of either book commands such meetings on Sunday, controlled and directed by clergymen, as are customary among us, and not a word in either book warrants the pretence of the clergy that it is a duty to attend such meetings. In great numbers of books and tracts it is

falsely pretended that our custom of public worship is commanded *in* the Bible and *by* the Bible, and various passages are deceitfully quoted as having this purport. The way to expose the deception is to turn to each passage, find to whom it was said, and (if possible) who said it, and then judge by the connection what is its true meaning.

True religion is an obviously reasonable thing. But the Proselyters of whom I have been speaking are very shy of submitting *their* religion to the examination of reason. If, however, you can persuade one of them to look at the (assumed) duty of public Sunday worship from this point of view, you will find that he makes this distinction, namely:—though it is the duty of all to give their weekly attendance upon some worshipping assembly, the actual worship can be paid only by those who actually feel the devotion which they express. *They* are bound to offer weekly public prayer and praise to God because he likes it and commands it; the remainder of the assembly (probably an immense majority of it) are bound to give their reverent attendance on this service because it is “a means of grace”; because the influence is a beneficial one, tending to develop honor and reverence for the Creator in them also.

I deny both propositions.

As to the second, the claim that the periodical bodily presence, in an assembly called together for worship, of those who feel no spirit of devotion, is a beneficial or improving exercise, or one that even *tends* to benefit or improvement, is refuted by obvious facts. The exercises in our churches on Sundays tend to weary the audience far more than to edify them, and, when presented to an intelligent mind as religion, or an essential part of it, must tend to alienate him from religion rather than attract him to it. He who hears regularly, Sunday after Sunday, such prayers as our clergy are accustomed to offer, can hardly avoid thinking of the “vain repetitions” which the heathen use. He is not likely to see any reasonableness or appropriateness in them. If he believes the assumption constantly made, that these periodical observances are a religious duty, and yet finds, week after week, that to him they are wearisome and profitless, he will naturally feel himself alienated and repelled from religion. He finds nothing in his mind or soul responsive to it. On the other hand, if he *does* give ear to the representations made from the pulpit, if he does make the effort to enter into the public Sunday observances as a duty, he is, so far, deceived in regard to the demands of Christianity, and withdrawn from the influence of him who said—“When thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father *in secret*.”

So much in regard to the department of Public Worship called "Prayer." But the clergy further claim that God desires and commands that we should offer to Him periodical public "Praise;" a conspicuous weekly verbal manifestation of our honor and reverence. There is no doubt about the duty of honoring God. The claim is that he wishes us every week publicly to *say* that we honor Him.

How do they know that he wishes this formality? The Christian Scriptures, to which they point as a complete revelation of His will, make no such assertion. Jesus, whom they claim as divinely commissioned to direct in regard to our duties, neither established nor directed any such custom. We must judge of it by reason, fitness, use.

Of course, God, who reads the heart of every man at every moment, does not *need* this sort of expression to show Him the persons who really honor and reverence Him. He has set before men a certain work in this world as the duty of each. If He needed any evidence of their feeling in regard to Him, the faithful performance of that work, by each, would be the best of evidence. It is improbable in the highest degree that He should wish them to turn aside from this work at stated times, and go to a public place for the purpose of saying "out loud" that they honor and reverence Him. This would be an exaltation of form above substance. Such an observance would be serviceable neither to God himself, nor to the persons who were already proving that they honored Him by doing the things which He has commanded. It is intensely improbable that He requires or wishes it for either of these purposes.

But may it not be useful, and may He not require it, for another purpose, namely, as an admonition to the prodigal children, the unregenerate, the disobedient? May not the sight of this weekly observance, an open manifestation of honor to the God whom *they ought* to honor, be useful enough to *them* to justify its adoption? Is not the *example* of public praise to God serviceable by fixing public attention upon those who truly honor Him, and inciting others to follow and emulate them?

To this question a most decided negative must be returned. Attendance on these services does *not* make known to us who are the good, the reverent, the pious: and still less, who are the most earnest *workers* in the cause of God and humanity. Fashion, custom, tradition, regard for popular opinion, are each at least as powerful in filling the house of public worship as a sense of duty or an impulse of devotion. The congregation on Sunday is as promiscuous, in point of religious character and devout feeling, as any other assembly in which men and

women of equally diverse ages come together. In a community like ours, the manifestation of regard for religion is respectable, creditable, popular. Politicians, and candidates for popular favor of every kind, take advantage of it. The act of coming together then on Sundays, in our towns and cities, is *not* a separation between the religious and irreligious, between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not, thus making a useful example set by the former to the latter. Nothing of the sort. In the church, and forming an habitual portion of the congregation, are plenty of merely fashionable, frivolous, and time-serving people, and plenty also of vicious people ; while, on the other hand, among those who stay away from the Sunday assembly are many who stay away because they have vainly sought for spiritual food, or satisfaction to their religious nature, there ; because they find no fitness in the idea of rational and immortal beings coming together twice a week to pay verbal compliments to their Creator — *telling* the Searcher of hearts (and often with utter reversal of the truth) what are their thoughts and feelings in regard to Him — nay, worse ! employing an agent to tell the Searcher of hearts what they would *wish* to have Him think of their spiritual state. Thus, dissenters from the traditional custom of public worship find the practice no better than the theory. It is quite as much the utterly worldly as the sincerely pious that set this example of punctual church going. When the clergyman says (in the discharge of that function by which he gets his living) “ We pray ” — “ We adore ” — “ We give thanks ” — “ We confess ” — it is manifest, obvious, notorious that the great majority of the assembly do *not* pray, or adore, or give thanks, or confess. It is a customary form, gone through with patient decorum by the people, (because the pastor has told them that God requires it,) but *not* bringing them more into conformity with God’s will, nor tending to improve the current of their daily lives.

I now come to the question — Does God require this periodical Sunday observance of the true believer, the Christian, the disciple of Jesus of Nazareth ? Is there any evidence that He desires or values a periodical public expression of applause, in prayer and song, even on the part of those who truly reverence Him, and wish to please Him ? Is there any evidence that the Searcher of hearts requires, or wishes, a public lifting up of hands and eyes every Sunday in the act of Praise to Him ?

The pretence that any such commands are found in the Bible is a gross and enormous imposture. This pretence is constantly made by the clergy, and by the books and tracts written in their interest. To refute it, as far as the Old and New Testaments are concerned, you

need only turn to the passages quoted as having this purport, and examine what they enjoin, by whom they are uttered, and to whom they are addressed.

The injunctions in the Hebrew Scriptures about worship are addressed to Jews, and we are not Jews.

The injunctions in the Hebrew Scriptures about observance of the Sabbath refer to the Sabbath of their fourth commandment, Saturday, the seventh day of the week, and have nothing to do with us, nor with Sunday.

The injunctions in the Hebrew Scriptures about attendance in the "sanctuary," refer to Jews, and to the Jewish temple at Jerusalem, and have nothing to do with us or our meeting-houses.

If, however, any Christian fancies that the Jewish fourth commandment is obligatory on him, let him honestly obey it in the manner prescribed by itself, namely, by refraining from bodily labor on Saturday, the seventh day of the week. Since this, and nothing else, was its requisition to the Jews, this and nothing else must be its requisition to him. To suppose this command obeyed by attendance in a Christian church on Sunday is utter self-delusion and absurdity.

Coming to the Christian Scriptures, we find no command in regard to Sunday, or to a Sabbath, no requisition of periodical assemblage for worship at all, and no appointment, or even recommendation, of attendance on weekly meetings conducted and controlled by clergymen. The pretence of our clergy that such attendance is a religious duty is a pretence "made up of whole cloth," and receives no countenance from any passage in the Christian Scriptures.

If we look at the matter in the light of reason, we shall find little ground for the continuance of periodical public worship.

What God wants of us is obedience ; a performance of our daily duties ; a doing the work of each day, in all our relations with our fellow-creatures, with the right purpose and in the right manner ; a constant mindfulness to bring ourselves, and those around us (and the manners, customs and institutions of society, as far as we can influence them,) more into conformity with His will ; and, so far as we, from time to time, violate or come short of any of these obligations, to recognize and acknowledge the fact, and try, and keep trying, *and never cease trying*, to do better. This is the whole duty of man. When our duties or trials are heavy, or when we feel oppressed with weariness or despondency, we have the privilege of prayer. At all times, in strength or weakness, in joy or sorrow, in temptation or other danger, we have the opportunity of entering into communication with the ever-present, ever-sympathizing Father, of expressing our grati-

tude for the favors already received, and of asking further help from His power and love. And His perfection is our warrant for the conviction that true prayer, the sincere outpouring of the individual soul before Him, is always welcome, always timely, always helpful. This is the real "communion with God." The parson cannot help you to pray. The most careful following and echoing of *his* prayer cannot be *your* prayer. And the attempt to unite the "soul's sincere desire" of all the individuals of a congregation in the ideas put into the form of prayer by a clergyman must of course be a false pretence, and an utter failure, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand. There is no prayer until the individual soul addresses its God with its own feelings and wishes. The pretence of public worship is an imposture as well as a failure, as far as petition and the expression of feeling in prayer are concerned.

The Mass, as performed in Roman Catholic churches, is worship, precisely the same in kind as that performed in Protestant churches. It consists of contrite confession, supplication, ascription of glory and honor to God in prayer and song, the reading of passages from Scripture, and a partaking of that "communion," or "Lord's Supper," which both churches alike assume to have been ordained by Jesus for perpetual observance by his disciples. Originally written in a dead language, the principal parts of the Mass are translated in the prayer books in ordinary use, so that each worshipper who can read English can join intelligently in the whole service; and in fact, there is no doubt whatever, either that the whole congregation perfectly understand that the object of their meeting together is to ascribe glory and honor to God, and publicly to declare their allegiance to Him, or that a large proportion of them join heartily and devoutly in the services. Whatever else the Mass may be, it certainly is Public Worship, a periodical meeting together of minister and people to ascribe praise, honor and glory to God, and to address to Him thanksgiving, confession, and supplication. It is as really Public Worship, in the sense in which that institution is declared to be desirable and obligatory by Protestants, as any service that takes place in any Protestant church.

The celebration of Mass being thus assumed to be good, the Roman Catholics further assume that there cannot be too much of it. The more Masses the better. The more times a priest says Mass, the more times a worshipper attends it, the better. This observance is assumed to be a better and more acceptable obedience to God than any performance of secular duties. One who solemnly devotes his whole life to works of this kind, and actually spends his whole

life in performing them, is considered by Roman Catholics more holy, more excellent, more in favor with God, and more complete in the fulfilment of his duties in this world, than any one who spends his life partly or wholly otherwise, however admirably this other may fulfil the merely secular duties of husband, father, citizen, friend, or distributor of worldly goods to the needy. The latter, the Roman Catholic thinks, may have much of a certain lower grade of merit, but the former is the truly "religious" man. Such receive the highest veneration while they live, and of such are "saints" made when they die.

The Protestant thinks otherwise. He regards the Mass with dislike far rather than veneration, and complains much of the prayers to the saints, and to the Virgin Mary, which are incorporated in it. But let us suppose the Mass purified from everything which orthodox Protestants deem objectionable. Let us suppose that there remain in it only those portions which, in letter and spirit, are a real worship of God, as our orthodox churches understand worship. Will it, even then, be true that "the more Masses the better?" Will it, even then, be true that the life most largely devoted to the saying and hearing of masses is the best life? Will it, even then, be true that a union of priest and people in this service is the best thing they can do? the best way to manifest the power of religion in their own hearts? the best way to serve God, and bring others to serve Him? Will it be desirable, even then, for men to come together every day to unite in the celebration of Mass? Or even every Sunday? Or even any Sunday? Are there not at all times better ways of serving God than this?

The doctrine of this article is that there are *always* better ways of serving God than by holding preconcerted meetings *to say* that we wish to serve Him; *to say* that he is the greatest, the wisest, and the best of beings; and *to say* that we are sinners, and that we repent, and that we mean to amend! Is it asked, what are these better ways? Jesus tells what they are, to all who will read intelligently his parable of the last judgment; and reason tells what they are, to all who will take the lessons drawn from what we know of the nature of God, and the nature of man. The parable, in its brief and clear statement of the class of actions in human life which is most acceptable to the Heavenly Father, completely ignores not only church-going, but every sort and manner of the thing called "worship," public and private. It makes no reference to these things, but specifies with emphasis acts of kindness to the needy and suffering as the test of acceptance or non-acceptance. Those who have done these things

(church-goers or not) are welcomed with approval. Those who have not done them (church-goers or not) are rejected as unworthy. Reason teaches the same lesson. The real duties of life are not obscure, but manifest. Our whole life should be an effort to do right things from right motives, and diligently to pursue the work of self-correction whenever our acts or our motives are seen to be wrong. This is absolutely all that God requires of us. The Ever-present, the All-seeing, the Searcher of hearts, does not need an address publicly read or spoken to inform Him what the parish feel, think, or wish, in regard to the relation between them and Himself. And any attempt of the parson (who is *not* a searcher of hearts) to give assurances to this effect for the people, is the undertaking of a task not only preposterous and impossible, but perfectly needless, since each soul among them has God beside and within him every hour of every day and night, and can whisper to Him at any moment what really is the "soul's sincere desire"! This individual voluntary communion, held with the Ever-present just when the heart prompts it, is the only thing worth calling "worship," or practising as worship; the only exception being those rare occasions in which local and special circumstances really move the hearts of a whole assembly in the same devotional direction; in which case the feeling may really be correctly expressed by one of their number. But the circumstances of our Sunday assemblies for "Public Worship" bear no resemblance to this.

There is another reason which has induced truly devout and good men to absent themselves from the weekly formalities in question. Custom has connected public worship with public preaching; and this preaching, conducted by the clerical leaders of the popular sects, has been as far from satisfying the moral nature as the accompanying "prayers and praises" from satisfying the devout soul.

The majority of this preaching is devoted to sectarian proselytism, a teaching of irrational dogmas, superstitious ideas, and unprofitable traditional observances. Acceptance of the theology of the sect, generally a theology narrow and false, and adapted to darken rather than enlighten the minds that accept it, is represented as the most essential part of religion, and a devout following of the observances of worship inculcated by the clergy is represented as the best evidence of the attainment of a religious character. These things by themselves are enough to deter a rational Christian from uniting with the system of which they form the principal part; but the character of the morality preached as an additional part of the same system gives a still further impulse in the same direction.

Perhaps no one word will so truly describe the character of this pulpit morality as the word "time-serving." The preaching in each sect echoes the popular idea, follows the practice of the eminent and respectable among *its* public, and discourages reforms which would interfere with their ideas or customs. Take, for example, the subject of slavery. Every one knows (or may know if he will take the trouble to look at the evidence) that the clergy and the church have been the most powerful supporters of the institution of slavery. I mean to say two things. First, the clergy of the country, if they had united in taking such a stand as William Lloyd Garrison took in regard to slavery, might have destroyed the power of that institution in one year from the time of taking such a position? might have withdrawn all decent and reputable members of the community from its support, and rendered its speedy extinction certain, without national convulsion or even popular violence. The notorious facts that they had no heart to do this, and that they chose in all parts of the country, North as well as South, to join the slave-holders in discountenancing, calumniating and opposing the abolitionists, bring me to the second assertion, namely; the clergy of this country have been the most active and effective instruments in checking and retarding the success of the movement made by the abolitionists against slavery. Without their support, that wicked institution must long since have fallen. This is but one instance among many of the time-serving character of the pulpit.

For sound moral and religious instruction, then, we must look elsewhere than to that preaching which is carried on by the clergy in connection with public worship. But sound moral and religious teaching is indispensable to the welfare, alike of individuals and the community. It is not enough, then, to discontinue attendance at the places where false doctrine is taught. It is our business and duty to provide the best teachers in morals and religion for ourselves, as much as to provide the best teachers in literature and science for our children. The success of false preaching in engrafting a corrupt theology and superstitious observances on the community should stimulate those who desire better things to a diligent use of means adapted to accomplish *their* purpose. Most men need to be taught, every one needs to be reminded, in regard to the calls of duty and the obligations of progressive improvement. Let the wisest and ablest men be engaged to give this instruction, and let a portion of Sunday, the customary rest-day of civilized nations, be spent in hearing it.

Before leaving the subject of Public Worship, it may be well to

answer the inquiry of those who will ask — How, without this weekly solemnity, shall we make manifest to our fellow-men that we honor and reverence God ?

I reply — First, and chiefly, by a *life* which shall show this to all who see us ; by steadily regulating the business and pleasure, the labor, rest and recreation of every day, in conformity with what we understand to be God's will ! Next, by frankly saying, when the doing of any wrong thing is proposed, that we decline to do it *because* it is wrong. And lastly, by being always ready, as Paul recommends, to give to every one who asks it, a reason for our faith or our works.

Will not such a life publish to *our* world, large or small, such honor and reverence as we really feel for the Creator, quite as thoroughly and efficiently as conformity to a round of formal Sunday observances ? quite as thoroughly and efficiently as a "profession of religion" in the broad aisle of a church ? (a declaration of our courage when there is no enemy in sight) — quite as well as a ceremonial show of purification with water, as if we lived in the dispensation of types and shadows ? quite as well as a monthly ceremony of eating bread when we are not hungry, and drinking wine when we are not thirsty, as if these could show or produce any excellence of character ? and quite as well as a weekly attendance on vicarious devotional performances, whether or not they express or excite our own "soul's sincere desire," and whether or not the sermon accompanying them is to our edification.

I propose, then, that the advantages legitimately belonging to an acknowledgment, before men, of our faith in and allegiance to our Heavenly Father, be secured in the most simple and natural manner ; first, by a life so obviously in accordance with such faith and allegiance as shall compel belief in us ; and next, by making verbal professions of it at the very times when, and in the very places where, and to the very persons by whom such a declaration is especially needed ; by an explicit statement, on the spot, of our determination to obey the will of God, or the laws of duty, to whatever person shall venture to propose to us anything implying that we forget or disregard those considerations.

The real advantages of an open expression of such honor, reverence, allegiance and love as we actually feel towards God are *not* secured by the method at present in vogue, of periodically meeting in a public place *to say* that we feel those things ; on the contrary, this method is attended by special disadvantages and evils.

The method which *does* secure these advantages, and which seems adapted to secure them in the best possible manner, is the expression

of our feelings of honor, reverence, allegiance or love to God, as the case may require, *when and where such expression is naturally called for*, IN CONNECTION WITH THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUSINESS OF EVERY DAY OF EVERY MAN'S LIFE.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

MAN, THE TEMPLE.

AS we keep our bodies in health for the sake of the immortal tenant, so we sustain all our visible symbols of our connection with an invisible world. When the body becomes more important than the soul, or when the temple acquires dignity and consideration that ought to invest our life alone, the true life is in a decline, and may be expected to be superseded by muscles, or by laths and plaster. And whenever a great stress is laid upon the forms that accompany either the utterance of our spiritual feelings or the discharge of duties, there is something robbed from the soul to be added to the taste. When I happen to preach in meeting-houses where the organ stands bellowing at me all through my alternate reading of a Psalm, and takes up the refrain of my speech with little tags and scraps of music, and appeals to the audience with operatic reminiscences, I begin to like it as I do when I have a ticket to Maretzek's troupe, and am disposed at once to pray that I might be transported into some theatre to enjoy the genuine thing without compunction. Sometimes it is the best of music, and I lately heard a quartette that made me lose my consciousness that I was merely tending the bellows at the other end of the meeting-house. I am told that the expense lavished upon music for vesper-services, and similar expedients for eking out the pot-luck of preaching, proves a judicious outlay, as young people are attracted, and the house, of an evening, is filled with pleasure-seekers, who may find it worth while to take seats in a parish that gets up vague sentiments so artistically. In this way the pews are recruited, which no truths devastate, but only death and removal out of town. These vesper-recruits ought to prefer to spend their money at the theatre.

That is one of the many places where special worship can be offered up to God. For we really are worshipping in all places where any one of our faculties inhales a pure delight, provided we have not visited the place on some pretence. The honest tribute of our sorrow or our mirth to Shakespeare, of our refined and elevated moods

to Beethoven, of our various interest in the triumphs of the sculptor and the painter, is a tribute to their Creator. Genuine gladness or pathos is worship, because it is a spontaneous acknowledgment of gifts that are divine. And all these have their appropriate sanctuaries, where men worship without either hearing or repeating religious phrases. For the most religious thing in the world is the truth of beauty and the beauty of truth.

A concert is a good and sincere thing ; so is a play, and so is discourse concerning divine and human things. But what are vespers ? Politic substitutes for the old afternoon service, traps for tender boys and girls who have æsthetic hankerings for episcopal forms, or polite ways of press-ganging the floating and unconnected people of a town. They would do better to float. For the history of all the pompous and pretentious churches of Christendom, which derive part of their influence from liturgies and musical performances, teaches us that truth shuffles when it is thrust into these robes, and is expected to make these postures. It is swaddled as if not yet full grown, and never comes up to time. The most cowardly and conservative churches are those which prove most delightful to the æsthetic sensibilities of man ; because the persons who are the most interested in the property, are obliged to be more interested in a form of service that will fill the pews, than in a radical and progressive truth. And the truth which regenerates, crosses the threshold of these retreats of refinement last, if indeed it is not continually repulsed to make way for propriety that is set to music and to texts.

But there will always be a large class of persons who do not care to have Sunday used to stimulate their thoughts or to interfere with their average emotions. They will naturally seek places where Christian placidity may have a touch of rouge from a rose window, and sonority may not be drowned by the yearnings and groanings of mankind. This is well : let everything gravitate to its own place, that the true church of the future may be built of anxious hearts alone, who are longing for the sympathy of divine laws and the music of emancipated intelligences. In the meantime, as cleanliness is next to godliness, a clean place, and well-ventilated, and just respectable enough in all its features, to which occasionally delicate spirits may bring flowers, the pure ornaments of nature,—will serve to contain the finest emotions of the people, and the profoundest thoughts of the preacher. And let the congregation itself learn to sing its feelings, as it has already learned to speak them. Let this be when it will, and where it will, it becomes a house of God as soon as seekers after truth come into it.

The seeker is the temple, then. There are persons who, when Sunday comes, say that they prefer to seek God in His great temple of the Universe, whose roof is boundless space, and whose ventilation is kept up by the currents that the planets make in turning. They prefer the amplitude of Nature to the pinched condition of any sectarian meeting-house. But Nature is not ample unless the man is. He imports himself into this morning service of the universe, and Nature intones for him what he first prompts into her ear. Nature alone has nothing for him but blades of grass and twinkling points of stars. The earth is nothing but a ball such as a beetle pushes over his eggs to fructify them. The beauty has pulled around itself the bark of every tree, solitude crouches behind the boulders in the mountain glen, the grandeur of the ocean is not yet baited for and hauled to the surface, nor will any tender and divine suggestions come round the corner until they perceive that the man who is chasing them is tender and divine. Then the man finds that everything has surrendered to him in the sense that he has yielded everything to Nature : the morning stars sing together, because there is a son of God shouting for joy.

After all, then, the man himself is the only temple, whether he sit in a meeting-house or take his indulgence out of doors. In every place his own thought makes its freedom or its constraint—his own feeling grovels or worships.

In a visit to scenes where grandeur is clothed with charm, and all the elements of a perfect landscape appeal to all the senses, I must confess that I have been impressed with some moral attributes of humble persons, notwithstanding the importunities of Nature. There is a place where the mountains escape directly from the ocean, to lift the eye into a wide horizon ; yet they bare their bosoms to the surf, and flatter out of it fine rhythm for the ear. The slopes of old forests send down their green to compete with the waves. The caverns that have been gnawed out of the coast-line by the patience of thousands of years, attract the step away from the glens, where the shadows fall from old birches and the needles of the pine. The paths that the ships make upon their various errands do not seduce the fancy to follow, any more than the tracks which the wood-cutter has hewed through the wilderness of green. By both roads your delight travels from point to point through spaces that are inhabited by constant surprises : and your heart learns to soar like the eagles that hint good omens to you from the heights on which their instinct launches them. You sail in their company, and are masters of the beauty of the land and sea. Their motion soothes your care, as the lapse of the mountain

torrents that pass through you with murmur of forgetfulness of the heat of politics and all low things. Every nerve of your body learns in an instant to transmit such news as never flash along the lines of the telegraph. And the gladness of your soul is worship. For when the day is built upon a large scale, as it can be in regions where material enough is at hand to make a dozen landscapes, and more beauty than the whole dozen could afford, short of bankruptcy, the first and most jubilant thought of the mind is that God is making the world afresh for you, and has taken one of his most splendid mornings to do it in, and is pronouncing through you that he finds it good. If your eyes fall before this frankness, and for relief you begin to pick the ground berries, they do not allay but stimulate your thirst for the sweetness of being at home with God, and you lift your face again with the whole lifting of the sea and the solemn mountains up to the divine countenance, to receive its morning kiss. It would be contemptible to undervalue such pure moments. But there is no treason in confessing that if one moral attribute comes athwart such scenes, it throws them into shadow, and you are conscious that an invisible presence, a messenger of the love in which earth's grandeur was conceived, is passing by.

So I thought, when a boy, who had never seen the inside of school or meeting house, had never read Paley's or Wayland's ethics, and did not know how far he lived from Boston, described to me how the foxes and racoons made a beaten path in the snow, from the winter-stricken mountains, directly through his father's garden down to the seaside, to go foraging for waifs and strays; and that not one of the family ever thought of setting a trap in the way of their necessities, to make money out of their famine. What delicacy of the moral sense, not to be matched in the gold-rooms of our cities, and certainly not at present visible at Washington, nestled underneath that ragged jacket and that raggeder intelligence. The boy's father did not know enough to estimate the heights of the mountains where God's wild creatures lived, yet he had transmitted to his children the beauty of not taking advantage of a fox's hunger to stock his cottage with peltry. State Street and Wall Street are beaten paths, where one necessity lies in wait to catch another: but the wilds which the first French voyager named *Desert*, could boast of a higher civilization. And my conscience rose to spring-tide with the conviction that the temple was not out of doors, but was underneath a jacket, and was not made with hands. Moral things are unobtrusive, and make as little noise as the light does in blushing on the mountain's forehead; but, like the light, they announce God's coming to take possession of the day.

And I recollect once riding down an Alpine road, that seemed paved by all the neighborhood with sublimity, yet a crowd of miserable beings shambled along it to besiege the carriage door : made idiotic by intermarriage with cousins, deformed with swollen, overlapping throats, scrofulous with bad fare and habits in the mountain glens. They mumbled out their supplications for the love of God. Could it be possible that God's love was the tenant of such breasts ? You break away from the hideous environment, and hail in due time the spire of Strasburg Cathedral that announces where the rose-windows, and the casements emblazoned with the piety and heroism of centuries, temper the broad day to worshippers in aisles that spring like a forest to uphold the dim and distant roof. You enter the sanctuary, where all the silence of a great city seems concentrated, and held from the pollutions of traffic and lust to give the inhabitants a chance to overhear their God. This, you think, is a temple indeed. It is vast enough for awe, still enough for devotion, sombre enough for confession of sins, grand enough for humiliation. And when the organ rises to its high-water mark around those columns, you think that all the prostrate forms must float upon these sentiments, and pass into the hollow of God's hand. But if, in the breasts of those poor idiots, to whom you shudderingly throw your coin, there lingers one feeling of gratefulness, there pulses one drop of the blood of human kind, there lies a sense of God, twisted like their bodies, and all awry, but there still, the earnest expectation of the creature waiting for some better manifestation, if there flickers the miserable dip of a conscience, you have seen a temple, not made with hands, to which the cathedral, with all its sumptuousness of art in stone, canvass, marble, and music, is like a Nuremberg toy that pacifies a child's caprices.

Man is the only temple worth finishing and adorning. For a heart is a place where God lodges. He sometimes travels to churches, as we find our convenience in the tavern, but it is only because they may happen to lie upon His route to human hearts. To them He is forever hastening by the least circuitous ways ; and they remind Him most of home.

But suppose our heart begrudges God his entertainment, absorbed by other visitors, our rage for trading, our love of gadding about with the fashions of the parlor and the street, our hope to get married and settled, our thirst for something more inebriating than God's breath ! Shall we cant about our adoration for Nature, and pretend a preference for worship in her temple ? It is indeed a house of God, but not all the taste and sensibility that we possess can prevent us from making it a den of thieves.

If we were asked to name what ought to be the prime effort of the worship to be offered up by American religion, would we not say, to make all the people in the country worshipful ; to clear out the money-changers and the wild beasts, and restore the service of the moral law ? The way to do this is to agree among ourselves, and to be inspired with a purpose, to put the substance of morals in the place of mere religious formalities ; to raise the former to their maximum, and reduce the latter to their appropriate and natural minimum.

For the Moral Law is the corner-stone of the temple of man, and it is laid, not by increasing the number or solemnity of observances ; not by building vestries with kitchens, where the society can be set to simmer ; but by uttering truths, and by acts of justice, fair-dealing and charity. A traveller in South America records his experience of the moral condition of a city of Chili, which was shattered by an earthquake. He says : " Those who had saved any property were obliged to keep a constant watch, for thieves prowled about, who, at each little trembling of the ground, beat their breasts with one hand, and cried "*misericordia !*" while with the other they filched what they could from the ruin."

That is the way conventional religion permits the people of any country to steal the rights and happiness of fellow-men. They make a kind of left-handed observance, and do not let it know what their right hand is doing. " Lord, have mercy upon us," they cry, at the proper intervals, and with due respect to the organ. Then on Monday morning, with appetites sharpened by one day's abstinence, they crowd the Gold Room or the Stock Exchange, or intrigue with unconstructed rebels. The Italian and Greek bandits are exceedingly particular about their religious observances. Would they venture to believe that the son of Mary was not miraculously conceived ? Not they — at the peril of their eternal salvation. But our Italian brigand invokes the favor of the Virgin before he sacks a carriage, and scrupulously kneels at every wayside cross. What is the difference between this formalism and any other kind that is compatible with using the deposits in a bank, or hushing up the numerous breaches of trust of every kind, or selling short, or grasping the hands of the republic's enemies, that still drip with our best blood, and would shed it again to-morrow !

Man himself is the altar to receive our gifts, to exhale our fragrance, to attract our homage. There is an element in all which makes them temples. In some it is the heavenly capacity to bless ; in others it is the heaven-sent longing to receive the blessing. Now

there are diversities of gifts, and each one of them is commissioned to do mankind some service. But the moral law is above them all, the pollen into which our nature blossoms to fertilize them. The best gift of our intelligence is sterile until our sense of what is right and proper broods over it. And wherever you discover the existence of that sense, you have found a nerve that extends into the personality of God. No matter where you find it. In a clear pool of water that some sea-cavern shelters, you can perceive the little soft mass of the anemone: touch it, and you shrink back startled at the throb of its vitality, which immediately connects it with the purpose of God to make living beings. On the trunks of old trees, and the weather-beaten sides of rocks, mark the symmetry of the moss, which gathers like the curious embossing by a master's hand, and grows, by divine rule, like a whole forest of the noblest trees. A law is in it that makes its place in creation as high as a Mariposa cedar. And the souls of men range in stature, from the idiot to the genius; you cannot add a cubit nor subtract one. But the love of right things is the equalizer of all, and it is the province of religion to describe and cherish that love. Suppose we try, with all the resources of our intelligence, to penetrate the mystery of our being; to arrive, if possible, at the ground of it. We pass through the attractions of our taste and sentiment; we leave on either side our inborn or acquired superiorities; no pride in any one peculiarity can stop our search. Something tells our conceit that we have not yet reached the real manliness that makes us fit to live. In moments of enthusiasm for truth we find it. When our heart kindles to see all the heart flush to another being's face, when our cheek burns as if struck by the blow of wrong, when we all muster at the call of some principle, and the blood of all our veins seems poured into one artery to give it a beat that shall be felt through the country, till the country is a pulse to shatter some crime against humanity, and the crime it catches from us a vibration that tears it all to pieces, then we confess that we have found the thing for which we were made; to right what is wrong, to succor what is weak, to shelter the violets of purity, to excite the dull and half-spoiled natures to resume their natural dignity, to strike the fetters from God's hand in each of them, and grasp it, and claim its fellowship. And when we subside from these ecstasies of rectitude, and think that we will solace ourselves with beauty, it is like waking up to find a day without the sun. All the features of the landscape are there, its space, its atmosphere, its usual proportions. But the bloom of the light has been rubbed from it. The moral law lies in the lap of the world like the glory of morning; and when we walk by it our

feet brush its dewy freshness, and our lungs breathe the tonic that keeps up the heart of the Infinite Himself. For His ways were regular before they were beautiful, and chaos received order before it became invested with a single charm.

Many times in the life of every human being, this vindication has been made. We have said No, to our cost, and never regretted it. We have said Yea, to our great delight. We have renounced, or we have claimed, in the name of morality. We have put our heart on the anvil, and the hammer has struck fire from it to light our steps. Nothing that we ever enjoyed or appreciated has had the like superiority.

We are religious when we mind this natural tendency, and prefer it to all observances of society, and to all the forms that claim to be venerable. We build a temple when we go quarrying for this precious material, and strike its vein in men. A meeting-house ought to be the mouth of a shaft that is pushed up through the crust of clouds into this perpetual sunshine of God's personal truthfulness, which is His love because it is so true. Straight up, divine service ought to carry this well that draws life, with the united pull of all a people's eagerness to know the laws of things ; straight up, through voluptuous and charming clouds, into the colorless clearness of reality, leaving sentiment and superfine worshipping all adrift below, with fogs of liturgies and rites. And the bulk of all the praying should consist of this upward mining of the conscience and the intellect, to detach God Himself and furnish Him to men, not as men wish him, or as they imagine Him, or as they have hitherto misapprehended Him, but as He is, in all the facts of man and nature, separated from the slag of superstition : His uniform morality, His disregard of all our ignorance and our caprice.

JOHN WEISS.

WHERE honor or where conscience does not bind,
 No other law shall shackle me ;
 Slave to myself I will not be,
 Nor shall my future action be confined
 By my own present mind.
 Who by resolves and vows engaged does stand
 For days that yet belong to fate,
 Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate,
 Before it falls into his hand. — Cowley.

ALL'S WELL.*

SWEET-VOICED Hope, thy fine discourse
Foretold not half life's good to me ;

Thy painter, Fancy, hath not force
To show how sweet it is to be !

Thy witching dream
And pictured scheme

To match the fact still want the power ;

Thy promise brave
From birth to grave

Life's bloom may beggar in an hour.

Ask and receive, — 't is sweetly said ;

Yet what to plead for know I not ;

For Wish is worsted, Hope o'ersped,

And aye to thanks returns my thought.

If I would pray,
I've naught to say

But this, that God may be God still,

For Him to live

Is still to give,

And sweeter than my wish his will.

O wealth of life beyond all bound !

Eternity each moment given !

What plummet may the Present sound ?

Who promises a *future* heaven ?

Or glad, or grieved,
Oppressed, relieved,

In blackest night, or brightest day,

Still pours the flood

Of golden good,

And more than heartfull fills me aye.

My wealth is common ; I possess

No petty province, but the whole ;

What's mine alone is mine far less

Than treasures shared by every soul.

Talk not of store,
Millions or more, —

* This poem, published ten years ago this month in the *Atlantic Monthly*, we desire should have a place in the *Radical*. — Ed.

The Radical.

Of values which the purse may hold, —
 But this divine !
 I own the mine
 Whose grains outweigh a planet's gold.

I have a stake in every star,
 In every beam that fills the day ;
 All hearts of men my coffers are,
 My ores arterial tides convey ;
 The fields, the skies,
 The sweet replies
 Of thought to thought are my gold-dust, —
 The oaks, the brooks,
 And speaking looks
 Of lovers' faith and friendship's trust.

Life's youngest tides joy-brimming flow
 For him who lives above all years,
 Who all-immortal makes the Now,
 And is not ta'en in Time's arrears,
 His life 's a hymn
 The seraphim
 Might hark to hear or help to sing,
 And to his soul
 The boundless whole
 Its bounty all doth daily bring.

"All mine is thine," the sky-soul saith ;
 "The wealth I am, must thou become
 Richer and richer, breath by breath, —
 Immortal gain, immortal room !"
 And since all his
 Mine also is,
 Life's gift outruns my fancies far,
 And drowns the dream
 In larger stream,
 As morning drinks the morning-star.

D. A. WASSON.

THE TWO RELIGIONS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

III.

THE subject in hand has thus far been treated in its biographical aspects purely. The first article described Jesus and the Christ as *individuals* living amid the incidents and exposed to the contingencies of life, each having his own solitary lot and experience. Here it came out that the lot and experience of Jesus were those of a man ; that the lot and experience of the Christ were not those of a man, but of a superior being. The second article described Jesus and the Christ as *persons*, living in social relations. Here it appeared that Jesus sustained to men relations of a simply human character, — natural relations, direct, friendly, genial, unassuming, — the relations of a companion, teacher and helper ; that the Christ, on the other hand, sustained towards men relations of a superhuman and unhuman character, unnatural, unfriendly, ungenial, and assuming, in the very highest degree. It is time now to show the relations in which the two characters stand to the larger world of thoughts and people. I have tried to clear up the path as I went on, so that no mist of misconception should make irresolute the line of thought. But as no care in this regard is excessive, a word of preliminary remark may be timely. Objections to the course of this argument may come from two sides, — the Orthodox and the Liberal. The Liberal will say, has said in fact, that the attempt to distinguish between Jesus and the Christ is forced ; that the discussion in its whole import and purport is cheap ; that the play is not worth the candle ; that Jesus and the Christ are one and the same person ; so held in the consciousness of Christendom ; so delineated in the gospels largely interpreted ; and that it is a poor refinement of criticism to separate them.

The Orthodox will say the argument is superfluous. The distinction is one that has been not recognized merely, not conceded, but brought out, contended for by the foremost doctors of the church, and made the corner-stone of Salvation. Jesus and the Christ were two beings, and yet one being. The Redeemer was both God and Man, — real Man and real God. The Radical's discussion accrues to the benefit of his adversaries. He is an unwilling servant of the Faith.

Let it be understood now that both these attitudes towards this argument are fairly appreciated by the writer, and that he would be happy to notice an equally fair appreciation of his own position.

With the Orthodox he urges on the Liberal the impossibility of constructing a simple human being, a simple man, out of the materials accumulated in the four gospels. No arts of manipulation will avail to work up the traits that lie scattered about here into a consistent human personality. There are *two characters*, — in intimate concurrence of will, possibly, — but *two characters*, and the criticism that would make them one must resort to an exegesis that, in one interest or the other, does violence to language.

With the Liberal the writer urges on the Orthodox that *two beings are two beings*, and not one ; that if two beings are portrayed as central figures by the Evangelists, it may be necessary to choose between them, but to accept both is out of the question. It is very easy to *say* the Redeemer was a God-man ; but to *think* it is far less easy : to think it clearly, and state it intelligently, has been the effort of the church doctors ever since the Athanasian creed was written, and the effort has signally failed. The problem has been thrust away into the dark chamber of mystery, from which no intellect may take it. The heroic endeavors of the schoolmen to put the church dogma into forms of words, brought them nothing but disrepute. The plain question is, whether Jesus and the Christ *be separate persons or not*. If they be, a fine phrase will not cover up the difference. You may accept neither or either. You may say Jesus was a Man whose friends and disciples we are ; or you may say the Christ was a God, of whose redemption we are the subjects. You may adopt the natural religion or the supernatural ; the spiritual or the mediatorial ; the human or the vicarious : but both you cannot adopt. These two figures are central, not only in the literature of the Evangelists, but in the world of thought ; and each, in his own world, is central. Radically different are the systems of ideas that revolve around the two names.

Of first moment to regard here is the fact that the Christ's name is associated with a system of *doctrines*, while the name Jesus calls up an order of *truths*. Even in the New Testament the shadowy outlines of a theological plan are visible in connection with the Christ. We may mark them thus :

1. The veiled, incommunicable and absolute God. "The Light shone in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." "No man hath seen God at any time." "O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee ; but I have known thee ; and these have known that thou hast sent me." "God is Spirit : " that is, is impalpable. save to those who reach him through the Christ.

2. The race lying in darkness. "He was in the world, and the

world received him not." "Ye are from beneath ; I am from above. Ye are of this world : I am not of this world. If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." "Ye are of your Father ; the Devil, and the lusts of your Father ye will do." "He will convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." "The world hath hated them, because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." "God so loved the world that he gave his only Begotten Son, that whoso believeth on him might not *perish*, but have everlasting life." "God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you ;" and so on, in every chapter.

3. A Mediator between God and man. "No man cometh to the Father but by me." "I am the door." "I am the Vine." "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life." "Without me ye can do nothing." The passages jump to the lips.

4. A Hell for the disbelieving : a Heaven for the believing. "He that believeth not is condemned already, *because* he has not believed." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life : he that believeth not the Son shall not see life ; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

5. A Holy Spirit, the Paraklete, the Comforter, sent expressly to take the Christ's place in the world, to glorify him, to be a perpetual witness of the Father, to guide the Christians into all truth. "He will abide with you forever." The Spirit is represented as a conscious person ; — "sent," "coming," "dwelling," "revealing," "reminding," "reproving ;" — a person who starts out into separate executive existence after the death and ascension of the Saviour.

Here is the outline of the church scheme of salvation ; and it is the only scheme that is implied in the Christ gospel. As we turn back to Matthew we find nothing whatever, at all like this. We are in another world of thought. New skies bend over us ; a new atmosphere breathes around. Not a dogma is to be found ; not a precise statement of dogmatical cast. The characteristic of the truth of Jesus, is its universality. Here is a centre, but no visible circumference ; and there is no visible circumference because the centre is *spiritual*, and not *metaphysical*. It is *thought*, not *belief*, it is *truth*, not *opinion*. The Christ is a theologian : Jesus is none. His organ was intuition. "Blessed are the Pure in Heart, for they shall see God." No one has stated this so well as Renan in his magnificent Essay on "The Religious Future of Modern Society." "Jesus," he says, "has

founded the absolute religion, excluding nothing, fixing nothing : his symbols are not final dogmas, but images of indefinite expansion. We search his words in vain for a theological proposition. All professions of faith are treason to the thought of Jesus. If Jesus still watches the fortunes of the work he began, he is certainly not with those that would shut it up in a catechism, but with those that labor to carry it forward. Whatever transformations dogma may undergo, Jesus will still be the author of pure sentiment in religion. The Sermon on the Mount will not be superseded. No discovery, no system will forbid our attaching ourselves to the grand intellectual and moral line, at whose head, rightly or wrongly, shines the name of Jesus. His religion is limitless. He founded it in Humanity, as in humanity Socrates founded philosophy, and Aristotle science." (Religious History and Criticism, pp. 352-3).

The method of Jesus carried him beyond all dogmatical lines, as the intuitive method of necessity must. His felt beliefs must, from the nature of the case, be larger than any doctrines that his knowledge could shape, or his understanding could formulate : they must share in the indefiniteness, as they partake of the glow of feeling itself. They must make amends for haziness of outline, by splendor of radiance.

The beliefs of Jesus are heart beliefs, intensely real and personal, but not susceptible of logical statement. His belief in God, for instance, would be pantheistic were it not so vital to the affections. Feeling always personifies, and consequently personality is sacred. This God is far enough from being "the Light shining uncomprehended in darkness." The heavenly Father is as different from the "Father" of the Christ, as the Theist's God is from Brahm. He is literally a parent. "He makes the sun rise on the evil and on the good, and sends rain on the just and on the unjust." "If ye know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father in heaven give good things to them that ask him." "Consider the lilies how they grow ; yet even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." "Behold the fowls of the air ; your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are you not much better than they?" "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father. Ye are of more value than many sparrows." "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him." "Thy Father who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." "It is not the will of your Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these

things from the wise and provident, and hast revealed them unto babes."

It is as Renan says, "Neither Jew nor Mussulman have comprehended this delicious theology of Love. The God of Jesus is not that Sovereign Fate that kills when it pleases, damns when it pleases, and when it pleases saves. The God of Jesus is Our Father. We think we hear the soft voice of a child crying 'Father.'" The heart's truth to itself guarantees the truth of the conception: the universality of the heart's instinctive desires guarantees its acceptance by mankind: the vividness of the heart's faith dispenses with logical consistency in the form of the belief.

Equally natural, simple, hearty, and homely is his doctrine of man — of a lost race, a race fallen, decrepit, astray, benighted, — we do not hear half a word. Of the race, of "the world," of mankind, we hear, in fact, nothing. The thought is concrete. It is not "man" that is in question; it is men and women; and they are taken as people of honest, rugged common sense always do take them. A single sentence from the lips of Jesus throws a noon-day light on his belief respecting men and women:

Be ye therefore perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect.

How will the believer in human incapacity interpret that? Jesus clearly has faith in affection, conscience, will. He believes that the commonest people may be inspired by a great thought, a fine motive. He is sure that the human love will answer to the divine, and that the divine love will be satisfied with the human. Their purity ensures for them the beatific vision. Their hunger and thirst brings them supplies from the divine fountains. Their meekness makes them inheritors of the earth. Their mercy pledges to them the mercy of God. As they, with natural kindness, forgive their enemies, God will forgive them their sins. They may measure God's loving kindness by their own. He means by goodness precisely what they mean by it. Jesus' hopefulness of men seems unbounded. The occasional fierceness of his denunciations but attests the strength of his confidence in their capacity. He never would have hurled such invective against the Pharisees, if he had supposed them to be cursed by nature, and helpless beneath their load of moral infirmity.

He has a hell, and a deep one; yes, and a terrible, but it is for those who are faithless to their human duties, and for none others: The most Orthodox of the community, the very elect of the people, the pillars of the church, the puritans in faith, and the saints in holiness, may go into it as quickly as any; and are rather more likely to

go there quickly because their pride of sanctity lifts them above the simple duties of common existence.

He has a heaven, and a large one ; but none are in it because they believe correctly, or offer sacrifice in the temple. Anybody may be there, — Greek, Roman, Samaritan, — who loves his neighbor as himself. "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go away." Speculative philosophy may smile at anything so simple as this. But practical philosophy always follows this rule.

Equally simple is the doctrine of Jesus respecting the relation that exists between Man and God. He speaks as if the human heart could drink in the divine love as easily as the ground drinks in the rain, and sees no more need for a mediator between the father and his child, than between the skies and the earth. A pure atmosphere is the best medium. Here the "Spirit," the Paraklete, Advocate, Comforter, has no place and no function. The story of the Prodigal Son is not in Matthew ; but it is in a book whose doctrine is substantially the same with Matthew. The story contains the doctrine of sin and repentance which Jesus taught, a doctrine utterly inconsistent with that inculcated by the Christ.

In fact, as we trace these broad differences in speculative religion back to their sources, we find that we are contrasting Liberal Christianity in its simplest humanitarian type with the popular sacramental and vicarious religion. As the heart's natural theism differs from the trinitarianism of the church ; as the unaffected rationalism of the conscience differs from the scheme of atonement by proxy ; as the naturalism of common sense differs from the supernaturalism of theology, so differs Jesus from the Christ. As wide a distance separates the two characters as separates Augustine from Theodore Parker, or Channing from Athanasius. The two persons are speculatively at enmity with one another ; their enmity divides the churches to-day. And the division of the churches, broad and deep and irreconcilable as it is, is no broader, deeper, or more irreconcilable than the division between these two subjects of the earliest Christian biography. At the period when the last of these Evangelists wrote, the stream had parted, and the believers were following intently the divergent currents, knowing that they were divergent, and would carry the scattering disciples far beyond the reach of each other's hands.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

PRESUMPTION IN THEOLOGICAL METHODS.

OF the two theological methods known as the *dogmatic* and the *scientific*, on which does the charge of presumption fairly rest?

The *dogmatic* method assumes that there may be occasions in which a departure from the laws of nature is necessary on the part of the Creator; and maintains, that in the case of Christianity there has been such a necessary departure. There were extraordinary circumstances in which the established laws of the creation were not competent to fulfill the purposes of him who established them! Is not this presumption?

Nothing but a complete knowledge of the scope and potency of the established laws of the creation could make it less than presumptuous to say that these laws must be, or have been, insufficient to accomplish the purposes of the Creator. Do we understand thoroughly the ordinances of Heaven? can we set the dominion thereof in the earth? "Where" were we "when God laid the foundations" of the order of Nature, that we dare to pronounce them inadequate? Have we "entered into the springs of the sea" of inspiration in the human soul, that we can say it is so shallow as to need an influx which the divine sources in their regular flow do not supply? It is presumption to make our knowledge and our experience of natural laws the criterion of what may be done by divine power working through those laws. That the Christian religion *had* not come through the divine agency in the laws of the human constitution, was no proof that it *could* not come thus; and our lack of information concerning the rise and growth of that religion in the Jewish mind makes it in the highest degree presumptuous to assert that Christianity involved a departure from natural law.

Compare with this position that of the *scientific* method, which simply traces as far as possible the working of divinely established law in all events, and which, when it cannot discern the working of that law in any phenomenon, attributes the failure to its own incapacity, to its lack of information or of skill in the use of information, not to a deficiency in the laws of the universe; which, in a word, attributes the short-coming to itself and not to God?

This method is charged with setting up human experience of law as the limitation of the modes of divine activity; of presuming to deny the ability of the Creator to work in other ways than those which are within the range of human observation. But the scientific method does not make human experience the test of divine ability,

operating through natural law or otherwise. It simply makes *human experience of the divine modes of action in general history the test of the probability of events in any special history*. It does not say "Such a reported event is contrary to human experience, and therefore is beyond the scope of divine power," but it says, "Such an event is apparently opposed, not merely to ordinary observation, but to the fundamental processes of nature so far as we have knowledge of them in general history, and is therefore highly improbable." The scientific method does not say "impossible," by the mouth of its best advocates; and where it does, it means by the word no limitation of the divine power, but merely the highest degree of historic improbability; it means a possibility not worth much consideration, in the absence of other testimony than that of religious tradition. The scientific method does not therefore assume to comprehend the divine order completely: does not presume to say either that there may be a necessity of departure from that order, or that any historical event has been a departure from that order. The dogmatic method does presume thus, and upon it the charge of presumption fairly rests.

Upon the dogmatic *method*. Not necessarily upon the persons who advocate that method. The presumption we speak of is speculative, not moral, of systems, not of character. Individuals may be presumptuous in their manner of advocating the scientific method, but the fault is in their temperament, not in the method. And on the other hand, persons may be modest in their advocacy of the dogmatic method:—none could hope to be more unassuming than Channing, whose statements we have adopted almost literally in setting forth the main assumption of that method:—but the method involves presumption none the less. Its advocates are unconscious of this. They feel sure that there *has been*, in the case of Christianity, a departure from the established laws of the creation, and hence they do not feel that there is any presumption in saying that such departure may be, and has been, necessary. But there is: presumption from which the scientific method is free.

HENRY W. BROWN.

Ivo, going upon an embassy for St. Louis, met a woman bearing fire in one hand and water in the other. "What are you going to do," said he, "with the fire?" She answered, "I am going to burn Paradise, and with the water quench the flames of Hell, that men hereafter may serve God without the incentives of hope and fear, and purely from love."—*Vaughan*.

RELIGION IN HARVARD COLLEGE.

NOWADAYS young men go to college in order to thoroughly develop themselves in all natural directions. They go for the most part, in search of a liberal education ; not that they may obtain a preparatory course to the study of law, of medicine, or theology. They go with their eyes wide open ; they want to take in all that is possible in each single glance, and are even somewhat afraid of hard study, lest by too deep a devotion to one regular routine, they miss more important opportunities, and fail to become acquainted with what they can never find in books. They place great faith in base ball and boating, as fields for the expansion of an enterprise and originality which is carefully repressed in the recitation room ; and as soon as an organization of any kind springs up in the class, each fellow turns politician, and canvasses his neighbor as to the best men for the offices. They are eager to search out the hidden causes of whatever comes under their observation ; and there are those who, in their hurry to investigate the fundamental laws of mind and matter, often talk over their fires till midnight, handling extravagant generalities with the steadiest composure.

The first view they catch of college life is through poetic lenses. Even being hazed by the Sophomores in their first few weeks, if disagreeable, is romantically so. Is it not the battle of the weak against the strong, and do not the weak finally conquer, as in the story-books ? They have, moreover, their Odin and Thor to help them through, boys older or more experienced than the rest, who become the heroes of the day, even receive heroic honors at the hands of their classmates, as Odin and Thor formerly from our Saxon ancestors. In the end, as always, the demi-gods are found to have their faults and perish. But the boy's reverence, sometimes smothered in the disappointment that ensues, is oftener transferred to another, and, for the time being, more worthy object. Outsiders who hear the wild talk of Freshmen during winter vacation, are astonished, and cannot imagine whence comes such boundless enthusiasm. They do not know that those old musty dormitories are the German forest of the present day, where youth each year fights out anew the primeval contest between barbarism and civilization.

Yet it is generally reported that college students are inclined to be irreligious, and to one who judges, not in the light of human nature, but by forms and prejudices, such indeed seems to be the fact. Here appears a paradox, but it is readily explained.

The boy reaches college, crammed full in most directions with traditional ideas, which he has learned at home. But college, particularly a large college, like Harvard, is a place most decidedly *sui generis*; and he finds his old formulas will not solve the new moral and social problem which is there presented to him. He is suddenly thrown into the deeper waters of life, and sinks or swims according to circumstances — circumstances usually being the natural or artificial character of the youth's early training. Then, if ever, he is compelled to think for himself; and the immediate result appears as a loss of faith in whatever he has before placed confidence, and an earnest desire to find somewhat worthy of his holding faith in it anew. This is an intermediate phase and a healthful one, between the childhood's credulity and too cautious manhood. The boy is not wanting in true reverence, if you can find him the proper object, but just at this moment he is hard to humbug. He knows nothing of logic, but unerring intuition carries him straight to his mark. All shams and pretenses are to him mere gossamer veils, which only serve to call attention to the naked reality beneath, — and woe to the pretender! I am not certain but that those of our classmates who left us at the end of Freshman year, were greatly the gainers thereby, having learned the larger half of what college had to teach, and escaping all its subsequent temptations. Their danger lies in piercing mannerism to the core, perceiving its utter worthlessness, and then being obliged to adopt it as their own code from fear or inability to appropriate a better. Many may well and earnestly wish in after life, for the pure enthusiasm which filled them in those "days, never to return."

But how is this enthusiasm met and answered by the college government — by president, professor, tutor, and proctor? Enthusiasm as "the surest moral safeguard against selfishness," ought to be cultivated, ought to be encouraged. If the enthusiast is in danger of rushing headlong out of sight on the wrong path, it may be well to direct him aright, but never, O august and venerable powers, never violate the first principles of your Natural Philosophy, and attempt to replace a positive force by a negative one!

Yet *this* is precisely the course the college government pursues. I know it in Harvard by personal experience, and that it is so in other colleges I have learned by accurate information. "Let us have *repression*, not *expression*," they say, and forthwith the whole Freshman Class are snubbed to the last man in the catalogue. The unpretending youths are patronized in the recitation room by dapper looking tutors of last year's graduation; utterly ignored in the college grounds by more venerable instructors; and thoroughly frozen at the

president's reception. It is truly wonderful that well-educated gentlemen of from thirty to sixty years of age, should need to be constantly on their guard, lest boys of seventeen become too familiar with them. Yet such is evidently the case. Perhaps it happens that one particular innocent little Freshman has been rather too fond of sleeping an hour or more after dinner every day, in the drowsy spring weather, and that his recitations result sadly in consequence. Soon he is summoned before the college officers of justice, his bashful and repentant eye is met by the stony gaze of the preceptor, and he is informed with mathematical accuracy, just how long it will be before his present course must result in expulsion from the seat of learning. After such occasions I have heard many an oath from fellows who did not swear under ordinary provocation. A fine plan for coaxing the lost sheep back into his proper flock, but one which has failed so often, it seems now quite worth while to make trial of some other method.

To those who have ever been young, and who remember anything at all of their youth, it is useless to say that such a course on the part of instructors to their pupils, is in any manner necessary for the good order and well-being of the college. That boys are to be ruled, regulated, and disciplined, *en masse*, like raw troops just before a battle — surely the idea of the nineteenth century is something far different! What boys want, is sympathy, encouragement in all their undertakings, a broad field for developing their latent energies *in directions of heart as well as of mind*, and you should afford it them, O worthy professors, even at the expense of a little of your frosty dignity. Dignity indeed! Is dignity an attribute so noble that it must be cultivated at the expense of humanity?

The answer has always been made on behalf of cold-blooded conservatism, "Indeed sir, we have constantly to be on our guard against the students, else they will impose upon us, and play tricks on us. At times the students behave like perfect little wild beasts, sir."

Does youth with all its generous impulses go to college with the deliberate purpose of imposing upon anybody? Undoubtedly there are to be found in every class such characters as it is customary to term "vicious boys;" a small minority, and detected without much difficulty. Must then the majority also be clothed in straight-jackets on *their* account? Is universal severity necessary for *their* control? But *they* never are controlled in the slightest. Let our "little wild beasts" themselves refute such argument.

In Sophomore year X — died of typhoid fever, brought on by

too hard study and too few of the comforts of life. He was a splendid ornament to the recitation room, but suffered terribly from poverty. It is not true, as was stated in a newspaper of the day, that he "starved to death;" yet many newspaper correspondents have hit wider of their mark. That the college government took no notice of his condition previous to sickness and death, is not to be wondered at. They had long since given up their interest in the individual, in order to generalize for the many. But the students, his classmates, the "wild beasts," never left him day or night, from the first moment of fever, until death finally came, and, in five hours after the first authentic information of his circumstances, had subscribed for his relief more dollars, than the poor fellow had probably seen that year.

Such an event and its result placed the professor at the mercy of the pupil. Tell me, that those brave young hearts were not religious in such devotion, and I will point out to you nobler words than religion and morality. No, it is never the boy who is irreligious — always his instructor. For in what does irreligion consist? Is it not in a *want of faith*; — faith in the triumph of right, the subversion of wrong; faith in love, in progress, in perfection? Who here then, appear wanting in that particular, — the young enthusiasts, ardently striving, knowing so little, yet seeking a way outwards and upwards; or the elder casuists, never placing confidence for fear of misplacing it, and laying down the law: "You are supposed a liar, until you can prove you are a true man." I honestly believe that half the knavery in the world comes in direct consequence of a fear of being cheated. Thirty months ago Mr. Emerson said of Harvard College, "Rarey, the horse-tamer, should teach them that an instructor should know neither fear nor anger;" and the statement holds good now, as then, there, as everywhere else. Yet for four years I myself was treated in no other manner than with suspicion, and constantly was a witness to unseemly exhibitions of anger. Now that I am through with it all, looking back at the past I often wonder that such a policy on the part of those whom it was my natural impulse to love and honor, did not curdle to the poison of cynicism, every drop of generous blood in my veins. No man ever taught me at school whose memory to this day I do not cherish tenderly. Is there any reason in the nature of things, why the case should be different with a college professor?

A course of behavior as of superiors to inferiors, a demeanor so entirely pharasaical, cannot but bring about the worst of results upon the objects of its unnatural action. The College Faculty rule by legal authority, and legal authority exercises everywhere, till the mo-

moment before revolution, a powerful influence. Insensibly the youthful mind, brought daily in contact with much respected age and experience, becomes infected, imitates, feels more and more the weight of precedent, and absorbs continually from the well-springs of a false philosophy. Ideas not tolerated in Freshman year become the watchword of the Senior. Damaging outside pressure of fashionable society may teach the lesson in materialism to a few, but the majority learn it by heart in the recitation room.

I intend neither injustice nor severity to the good doctors. I will allow the sincerity of their ultimate intentions, as I do that of Cotton Mather in the Salem witchcraft. The fault lies with the whole fundamental system of college government, much more than with their present administration of it — although that, too, might be improved. And I have reason to say that it might be improved, when a well-known professor is permitted to order a heavy deduction to the account of that young man who accidentally ran against him while ascending the steps of University. Nor have there been wanting many other such instances of petty tyranny. It must be true, that black sheep are to be found among the shepherds as well as in the flock. The system however — *that* is the great mischief; rightfully belonging anywhere in the past history of this planet, rather than in America of to-day; a relic of the "Old Regime," which should be highly prized for its antiquity, but never applied to practical purpose. Let us hope that, like the Feudal System, it answers to the Middle Ages of our academical development, and will soon give place to a Modern Era of more liberal and enlightened measures. If it does not, then I prophecy that in a few years the broad expanse of an Illinois prairie will educate a young man far better for his duties as an American citizen, than all the colleges in the land.

So much for the religious element in Harvard, both as to those who are usually supposed to supply it, and those who are generally understood to be in want of it. I make no mention in this account of the many follies, vices, and flagrant misdemeanors of students, partly because such are always directly traceable to home influences, and partly because they enter into so slight a percentage of the average activity of all, that not to neglect them in the present instance, would be trivial indeed. A more important question must be raised in regard to what methods are employed at college to inculcate religious principle and ideas of morality in the youthful mind? What furnishes the outward semblance of religious feeling where, as we already know, it is utterly wanting at heart?

The answer is, "morning prayers," "Sunday service," and "Chris-

tian Evidences," names which a two-thirds' majority of the students recollect only with dislike, and utter only with contempt. Morning prayers, especially, are an ever fertile theme for the satire and ridicule of college wit. Compulsory devotion is certainly the least interesting form of ecclesiastical bigotry, if not one of the most odious, and so constant and frequent a repetition of it serves to exasperate, rather than to habituate. Moreover, there is no phase of morning prayers which might pleasantly attract the boy's attention. It is truly a terrific ordeal for one individual to have to make more than three hundred formal prayers every year, and that under such conditions the service becomes monotonous, is not surprising. The boy listens for the first ten days, attentively perhaps, then afterwards becomes entirely oblivious to whatever takes place, and considers the whole occasion merely one of getting up and sitting down. A college choir sing hymns, sometimes with good voices, but generally out of tune, and thus produce rather an air of burlesque than otherwise. In Appleton Chapel there used to be a high desk for Sundays and a little one for week-days.

Morning prayers are excellent as a sanitary institution, as a roll-call whereby the lazy are summoned from their beds — sometimes, also, the sick and enfeebled ; but in their special character as meetings for divine worship, entirely subversive of what they profess. Instead of cultivating and encouraging spiritual thoughts, they serve to make all sacred things appear ridiculous, and with many inculcate a feeling of levity and disrespect which argues no good result. The loud clanging of a bell, the tearing away of sleep from heavy eyelids, a hurried thrusting on of clothes, a frantic skipping down of stairs with one boot on and the other half on, half brushed hair and neck-tie streaming in the breeze — what preparation can this be for devotional exercise !

Sunday service maintains its traditional dignity ; at least, accomplishes as good results as the average of Sunday services elsewhere. Often have thoughtful words from that pulpit been drunk in deeply by earnest listeners, and the advice thus transmitted afterwards reflected upon, and, it is to be hoped, finally vitalized in action. However, the fact that attendance is obligatory, and that the two sessions are arranged at just such intervals as shall prevent long walks or other absence from Cambridge on Sunday, does much to mar the otherwise excellent effect. In any case, the Sunday services are more likely to teach the student convenient rules for every day behavior, than to inspire him with spiritual faith and religious zeal.

The text books on Ethics and Christian Evidences, studied at

the beginning of Freshman and close of Senior years, are always of the conservative Unitarian stamp. I do not propose to discuss here the merits of whatever doctrines, belief in miracles and the rest, they entertain, but the books themselves are neither profound nor interesting. They excite attention only as pieces of acute metaphysical reasoning, and recitations in them are conducted in a most matter-of-fact style, the professors' avowed object being, as in all other recitations according to the present code, not to teach the student anything additional to what is in the text, but to find out how much he already knows. Scarcely a religious emotion stirs the heart in their perusal, and if any portion chances to be remembered in after years, it is that which attracts the reader's notice from its novelty or peculiarity. Time spent on them is generally considered to be time wasted, and the only fruit resulting therefrom seems to be inveterate contempt for that entire class of literature. It is fair to suppose that some study of theological technicalities may be profitable, but surely, even the interests of Harvard Divinity School, with its expectation of future proselytes, demand that such technicalities be embodied in an interesting shape.

These statements, as I have before mentioned, are not grounded on my knowledge of the convictions of a few, but of *the majority* of sufferers from this erroneous policy, and a majority not only numerical, but moral and intellectual as well. Then, relying on such information, who will hesitate to say that the system of religious teaching at Harvard is inefficient? Better, far better for the learned doctors to make no attempt at all to inculcate their favorite dogmas, than to have that attempt laughed to scorn by the neophytes they teach. If they would inculcate the truths of divine revelation, they must be in a manner divine revelation themselves, and not the mouthpiece of theories at second hand. Such an evil condition challenges swift and severe remedy; which moreover, must come before long, if Harvard is to maintain her place in the front rank of colleges, and be the champion of liberal education, as she has always professed. The way for it is clear, and means are within grasp, for what must be done is simply to lop off a rotten limb from the sound and thrifty tree. Abolish morning prayers; regulate the Sunday laws so that attendance at church shall be obligatory only half the day, or better, not at all; and substitute for the dry recitations in Whately, Bulfinch, and Bowen, lectures by live and earnest men — lectures on subjects with which the present age is teeming, and to which the sphynx will demand an answer when once the man-child has escaped forever through the college gate.

A few words are still to be spoken in regard to what interest the students themselves manifest in the direction of formal religion. An Episcopalian, an Orthodox, and the "Liberal Fraternity," constitute the list of their religious societies. All these may be considered successful, each in its own line ; but from causes unknown, they never exercise much influence on those outside their pale, nor create much impression in the college world. It is true that two years since the Liberal Fraternity roused itself into momentary activity, and achieved quite notable distinction, but that was an exception, called forth by the spirit of the time and the energy of a young enthusiast. Indeed, one cannot help perceiving that, although well-intentioned, these religious societies are in greater part the results of that universal tendency of boys in college to segregate themselves into clubs and societies of every description. They therefore can evince no real proof of how much or how little true feeling lies at heart. I never observed that their prominent members behaved in recitation with greater propriety than classmates who were not members. That opinions are maintained on such subjects, and that interest is aroused in such a direction, is the important evidence which they afford us.

This question, then, of religion in college, of belief and disbelief, resolves itself into a favorable answer in behalf of the student, and a negative one against his preceptor. Here lies at the root of our present system most needed reform. Strike deep, Alumni, or you will wound, not kill, this Moloch conservatism ! You may substitute modern languages for ancient, science for the classics, lectures for recitations ; but while underneath there still remains an absence of sympathy between instructor and pupil, an absence of magnanimity, even generosity, in all action of the former to the latter, until the instructor becomes also enthusiast ; your edifice will totter even while you strive to build.

F.

PROGRESS.*

CHAPTER IV.

LABOR.

LABOR is a duty, according to some ; an obstacle, according to others. We sang in 1848 a workingmen's song which said, "Labor is Liberty"!

There is truth in each of these affirmations, however they contradict each other. You will remark perhaps, if you read this book through, that I avoid the word *duty*, very sonorous, very clear, and very noble though it may be. This is because I have forbidden myself even the most furtive excursion into the region of metaphysics. Duty implies a master who imposes it, as the debt implies a creditor. If labor was only an obligation imposed upon man, one might suppose that man had not always been subjected to it, and that, some day or other, he might be released from it. For this reason, I like better to say that labor is *the law* of Man upon the earth. Laws, according to Montesquieu's beautiful definition, are the necessary relations which grow out of the nature of things. So long as the world is the world, and man continues to be man, it will be necessary to labor. The law would not be abrogated unless all the hostile forces of Nature had laid down their arms before us, unless all men were happy and perfect, unless the sum of good already realized were such that nothing could be added to it, which is absurd.

Not to do evil is a thing so simple, so natural, and so little meritorious, that I have thought it useless to mention it. Is it necessary then to forbid you to despoil, to oppress, to violate, to assassinate the descendants of those to whom you owe everything ? A man, who injures his fellow, makes common cause with hunger, thirst, pestilence, frost, drought, deluge, lightning, and the thousand scourges which are perpetually in arms against Humanity. He is a traitor, who goes over to the enemy.

All the world is of this opinion, and even those, whom ignorance, misery, or some disease of the brain mislead into the regions of Crime, are warned by a secret reproach that they degrade themselves by doing evil. They feel that they fall into the category of wolves and rattlesnakes.

Such as these labor under no delusion concerning their own debasement ; but I know many others, who deceive themselves with confidence and even with pride, to the detriment of their personal dignity, and of the well-being of humanity. I refer to all those who possess the means of living, and who think themselves justified in doing nothing, because Necessity does not drive her spurs into their flanks.

When I was still at college, and at the poorest and most laborious college in Paris, there were among our number two or three young men, who said with artless folly, "As for me, I shall do nothing ; I shall live upon my income." To all appearance they had not come to that conclusion all alone ; they repeated what they had heard in the paternal mansion.

* By ED. ABOUT. Translated from the French by HENRY B. BLACKWELL.

Certainly they would have been much astonished if some one had replied that the idler, however rich, is an ungrateful wretch who disowns the benefits of the past ; a bankrupt who repudiates his debt to the future.

It is still believed, in more places than one, that idleness is nobility, a badge of honor, a feather in the cap. Why so ? Because Labor, after having been the lot of slaves, then of serfs, then of peasants, has been finally handed over to day laborers, men without property. The revolutions we have effected have not rooted out all the prejudices of the "good old times." We cry on the house-tops that democracy prevails, but we have remained tolerable aristocrats in the bottom of our hearts. A manufacturer, enriched by labor the most useful and really noble, thinks that he elevates himself in some degree by giving his daughter to a marquis. If the young man is of an old family, so much more delighted is the father-in-law. Only think ! for four hundred years, nobody in the family to which I belong, have done any work with his ten fingers !

For want of a gentleman one accepts a mere son of a tradesman's family ; his parents have labored, it is a misfortune, but thank heaven, more than ten years have elapsed since they retired from business. As for him we are at ease, hereafter, forevermore he will do nothing !

A "public functionary" is also a suitable person. Public functionaries have so little to do in our admirable country. They go to their office to pacify conscience. Their occupations are so futile that they have almost a right to call themselves pensioners of State. The most highly esteemed among them are naturally those who gain the most with the least fatigue. For instance, a receiver-general going home from college ! Here is what is called a deserving young man ! Twenty thousand dollars to get, and nothing to do ; at most, a few signatures to be given : the deputy, a sort of white negro, takes charge of the rest. And then he is a great man ! The third authority of the department ! No father would hesitate ten minutes between a high public functionary and a great manufacturer, an industrious man, even if he were ten times as intelligent and rich.

This is because the functionary is almost a gentleman : he works so little !

When, by misfortune, a young lady is reduced to marry a handsome young fellow, rich, educated, honest, well brought up, and making twenty thousand dollars a year by commerce, she uses many roundabout expressions to explain this coming down to her female friend of the Convent. "My husband is in business, but in wholesale business ; he transacts business upon a large scale ; he only occupies himself, so to say, in doing nothing ; he scarcely shows himself in his office half an hour a day. Besides, we expect soon to retire from business altogether."

Her friend, who has married a deputy magistrate at a salary of nine hundred dollars, embraces her with emotion, and says to her : "My poor dear ; I shall always remain the same to you. My husband has no prejudices. You shall introduce your husband to us — when he has retired from business !"

See how French society appreciates the services one renders it. It

begins to esteem a man, the day when he no longer labors. It puts the manufacturer and merchant, who make the National machine move, below the useless and pompous functionary, who solemnly puts breaks on the wheels. Oh the public functionaries ! They are not even happy, the unfortunate fellows ! Put under oath, formed into regiments, compelled to change their opinions with every change of administration ; subject, even in their costume, and the cut of their beard, to the caprice of a leader, constrained to celibacy in some positions, to marriage in others ; without settled residence, dwelling, for the most part, in furnished lodgings, or forced to run about France and the colonies, with a train of baggage ; often occupied with trifles which a mechanic could do better than they : not only do they deprive themselves of all the anticipations which are permitted to a grocer behind his counter, but they, almost all of them, renounce the cultivation of their minds.

How many times I have heard men in public office (and not, if you please, mere clerks either), exclaim in an important tone : " I do not read. Do you know ? Business ! " I know, on the other hand, weavers, blacksmiths, merchants, exchange agents, who read everything. The workmen of Paris probably read more than the writers of despatches. It is true that they earn more, and have less anxiety.

Ah ! if the youth of our country only knew a little better the emptiness of public career ; they would apply their activity in other directions. The State obliged, for want of candidates, to reduce the number of offices, would get executed by ten men the tasks of a hundred, and the useful pursuits would gain recruits, as if by miracle.

But it will first be necessary that the most intellectual people in the world shall learn to esteem labor. Unfortunately, the working classes themselves have the most false idea concerning their respective merit. The merchant, who has no sign upon his place of business, thinks himself superior to those who have one ; the wholesaler takes precedence of the retailer ; the retailer of the huckster ; the huckster of the mechanic ; the city workmen of the country workmen. Among workmen there are distinctions ; an aristocratic classification. Printers take the lead ; the rag-pickers, night-cart-men and scavengers bring up the rear. All other classes of the State think themselves above these ; they, themselves, I fear, with a modesty absurd and without motive, place themselves below all the rest. And why ? Because their work is more arduous and repugnant. But, poor imbeciles that you are, the greater the disgust and difficulty, the more honorable it is to overcome them. The first in this world are the best and most useful. Be honest men ; do not wallow in drunkenness and debauchery ; then, everywhere, while filling your baskets, or rolling your barrels, or emptying your gutters, you will take precedence of those little upstarts who intoxicate themselves with the girls at the *Café Anglais*.

The Musselmén, who are not often cited as examples, reason less foolishly than we, on this question of labor. They say that a man should be honored for his virtues and wisdom, whatever may be the pursuit which gives him bread. In the bazaars of Constantinople, or even Algiers, they

will show you *Talebs*, whom the people consult and revere : this one makes slippers ; that one repairs old clothes.

What shall we say of that Greek philosopher, who carried water during the night, to gain a living ? During the day he gave away wisdom for nothing.

I am permitted to say that Victor Hugo, in exile, has found great consolation in the friendship of a man, enlightened, literary, versed in all liberal studies, and possessed of an admirable library. He is, if I mistake not, a grocer of Guernsey. What would the exclusives of Paris think of that ?

I know personally, in Paris even, a young cavalry officer, who has withdrawn from the guard to turn grocer. In his shop, as he was in the regiment, he is a gentleman above reproach, and a distinguished man in the largest sense of the word. One of my old comrades in the Normal school, feeling himself too much hampered in the profession of public instruction, abandoned it, and set himself to preparing sardines. He has made, they tell me, a considerable fortune. From the point of view of French frivolity, he is a man who has demeaned himself. I am sure that he will no longer be invited to the evening parties of the Rector, and that he will lose thereby three glasses of lemonade. But is he any the less an honest man ; less free, less educated, less familiar with books, less in the current of new ideas, than at the glorious period when he drilled his pupils according to rule ? Quite the contrary.

If no labor is humiliating to the man of God, there are, I confess, labors which are absorbing, fatiguing, wearisome. Let us suppress them ; we can do so.

There was a time when two poor men carried a rich one, in his chair, through the streets of Paris. This scandalous spectacle, which surprised no one in 1764, would excite a mob to-day. Man will no longer see his fellow man perform the part of a horse.

We possessed, in 1864, three million horses, asses and mules, and two million oxen in a condition to do hard work. This is a good beginning, but it is not the latest word of Progress.

The twenty-nine million inhabitants, who people Great Britain, have constructed with their own hands, eighty-three millions of metallic horses, in addition to their other live-stock. These eighty-three millions of animals, forged in iron, which consume coal instead of hay, execute, yearly, the labor of four hundred million men. Thus, each islander is served by thirty or forty journeymen, who know neither fatigue nor pain, and whom the blacksmith cures with a blow of his hammer, when they happen to be sick. Here are the successors already found for our journeymen, our day-laborers, and all those who are called men of suffering.

Have you fully comprehended me ? It is not to be hoped, nor even desired, that labor should ever disappear from the earth ; but, with a little activity, we can create instruments which will mitigate it for our descendants. It belongs to us to relieve future generations from unrequited and continuous drudgery, and the brutality which ensues.

The introduction of machines into industry will not fail to do away

with that destructive toil, which assimilates a man to a beast of labor. The workman, fifty years hence, will no longer be employed as a material force, but as a directing intelligence : all mechanical progress tends to this end. The rural laborer will not always sweat in the furrow, and we can predict with certainty that water, wind, steam, electricity, will soon grub, dig, weed, reap, under the supervision of a few well-dressed young gentlemen, able to read, write, and vote. These young gentlemen will be thy descendants, oh brave man, who art lashing thy tired horses, and swearing at them like a brute. They will be of more account than you, but they will not despise you, for they will know that you have worked, like themselves, according to the measure of your powers and intelligence, and have pushed at the wheel of civilization.

Where will progress stop, if our activity still maintains itself for a century to come ? Who will dare to limit the hopes of the Future, and to say to the beneficent genius of labor : "thou shalt go no farther" ? Two thousand years ago, it was believed that there would always be masters and slaves : experience has proved that it is a mistake. It is believed, to-day, that there will always be the rich and the poor : time will do justice to this egotistical and discouraging prejudice. Observe, that inventors and poets already forget the road to the hospital. Observe, that the merchant no longer vegetates forty years behind his counter, in order to amass a little competence : seven or eight hours of labor per day, ten or twelve years of activity in life, suffice to build up a respectable capital. Why then should the city workman and country laborer be condemned to toil without recompense, or repose ? It is evident by certain indications that their condition improves. A laborer in America has a house of his own, his garden, and a thousand pleasures unknown to the petty tradesmen of our own country. This is because the social capital in America is infinitely more considerable than our own. Let us increase the common fund by culture and industry ; let us improve our lands, work our mines, transform the inert metals into toiling machines ; let us plant, educate, multiply life around us, utilize all the forces of nature, and soon an era of happy and easy labor will dawn ; soon even the least gifted man will buy, at the cost of a few hours of daily fatigue, the right to consecrate the rest of the day to the culture of his mind, and the education of his children. Ignorance will then disappear of itself, for ignorance is only one of the faces of misery, a destitution of the brain. And the vices, which most victoriously resist the eloquence of the preachers, and the clubs of the police, will cure themselves. Vices (permit me the comparison) resemble those hideous mushrooms which sprout in sunless caverns. Approach with your lamps and they crumble into dust.

Industry is not a scourge, as some narrow-minded moralists proclaim on the housetops, but rather a Providence. It is labor perfected, simplified, accommodated to the delicacy of the human organism. It not only prolongs our existence, but enlarges and elevates it. To it we shall owe a day of being altogether enlightened and altogether honest. It will produce men without prejudices and without vices as it has created bulls without horns : the miracle is no greater.

CHAPTER V.

RIGHT.

Oh Man, great or small, rich or poor, strong or weak, learned or ignorant, noble or peasant, Bourbon or Durand, I assure you, at the risk of shocking your folly, and alarming your cowardice, that you have neither master, nor chief, nor natural superior, and that your person and property belong only to yourself. Your body, however ugly and deformed Nature may have seen fit to make it, is more inviolable than the Palladium of the Trojans, or the sacred Ark of the Hebrews. No power, no force, no army, can legitimately touch a single hair of your head, nor oblige you to sit down when it pleases you to stand up; nor make you turn to the right hand, when you prefer to go to the left; nor constrain you to say that two and two make five, when your reason is of a contrary opinion. Whether you be a dwarf, picked up on the curbstone, raised in the street, and rich with only two cents for your entire capital, or whether you be a giant, descended from a king, surrounded by two hundred thousand soldiers; if any one manifest the wish to take away your two cents without your permission, defend yourself and kill him, if you cannot stop him otherwise. You have a right to do so.

Why, what is the matter? You are more startled and terrified than a wolf in a pitfall, or a deer entangled in a net. The animal, wild and free, is not so stupefied in the presence of slavery, as is the man, enslaved from father to son, in the presence of liberty! How badly have you been educated, oh my poor brother! You have opened your eyes in the midst of an artificial world, and you have believed that Nature was made just so. They have shown you a venerable man, clothed in a long robe, and have told you that he was commissioned to think for you. They have shown you some fellows in blue tunics and red pantaloons, and have told you that it was their business to defend, or arrest you, as the case may be. They have caused you to behold an Alsacian covered with yellow spangles, and have told you that he was born to put you in prison, if you did not obey everybody. They have given you two books in black bindings, and have told you that you would find in the first, all you should believe, and in the second, which has variegated edges, all you should do.

You have seen come to your father's house, a little piece of paper, green, red, or blue; you have heard your father, who was not rich, exclaim with evident disgust: "It is necessary to carry two dollars to the Receiver, if we do not want him to seize our furniture"; and you are persuaded that the Receiver is a man created by Nature to seize the money, or movables, of the poor world.

You have seen your eldest brother return from the Mayor's office with ribbons in his hat; he had been drinking all one day, then he wept for several days, saying that he belonged to the king; then he took a bundle on the end of a stick, and went off singing, with his comrades; then you have known that he would never again return to his village, in consequence of his having died in the service of the king. What have you thought about the

king? That he was undoubtedly a man otherwise made than others, and of more costly material. The first time you went to school, they flogged you; you returned the blows; the master came; he flogged you still harder, to show you that, in this artificial world, it is never permitted to do justice to yourself. The first time your father gave you a dime on his birthday, your mother took it away, and this is how you first became acquainted with the right of Property. The first time you travelled on a railroad, you fell into the hands of ten or twelve gentlemen in embroidered caps, who pushed, pulled, shouted, scolded, and abused you. "Come this way! Don't go there! Go on! Come back! Faster! Not so fast! Go up! Come down! Come in! Go out! Go back!" Thus you made acquaintance with the Administration, that eminently national mechanism, which renders us a thousand petty services in exchange for our money and our liberty.

Forget all you have learned, and lend me your attention for a few minutes. It is not an order that I give you, for nobody in the world has any right to give you orders. You are under no obligation to believe me, though I address you in the sincerity of my heart. Accept my reasons, if they penetrate your brain, as a weapon its sheath. Reject them without hesitation, if they are repugnant to your good sense. You owe no debt except to truth, and the sole judge of truth is yourself.

The education they have given you, is that of the little insignificant trees which grow with difficulty beneath the shade of a lofty forest. The great oaks sometimes bend down towards them and say: "Happy little trees, we protect you from the sun, and defend you from the storm. Long ago, you would have been scorched, or shattered, but for us." "But," reply the little trees, "we too are oaks. If your shade did not press upon our heads, we should grow strong enough to brave sun and storm." If you look at a forest where the great trees have been cut down, you will see that the small ones have become large in their turn.

Your father has begotten and your mother has borne you upon a ball of moist earth, which revolves around a mass of fire. Survey, on every side, your native planet, the only one which is accessible to your observation. What do you see? Inorganic bodies, vegetables living a life without motion, and animals more or less perfect. Of all the animals which people this globe, the most perfect is Man, is yourself. The history of past ages, written legibly in the bowels of the earth, shows you that your creation is the latest effort of Nature: she has advanced from progress to progress during some thousands of centuries, to reach an object, definite, or provisional, which is yourself. If the day, which shall shine to-morrow, should bring into being among us an animal better organized than man, that one would be your superior, your master, and your legitimate God. He would reduce you to domesticity, as you have reduced the dog, the ox, and the horse. Right, inviolability of person would no longer appertain, except to him. You would owe him homage and obedience; you would be his property, as, to-day, the dog and other animals, your seniors, are your own.

But so long as that hour has not sounded, so long as the animal superior to yourself still remains unborn, you preserve the first rank, you belong

only to yourself ; no one can rightfully encroach upon your sovereign power, the absolute inviolability of your person is a principle which no living being can contest ; you reign on the earth with a thousand million other men, your counterparts, and therefore your equals.

It seems to me that you begin to attach yourselves to this idea. It does not surprise me ; to reign is an obligation to which one easily resigns oneself. You lift your head, you expand your breast, squaring your shoulders, and you walk already with the step of a Senator. But what are you doing ? Stop, unhappy man ! You have erred by stepping upon your equal.

Your equal ! Yes, your equal ! I do not take it back ; your equal ! That old negro in rags, ignorant, drunken, imbruted, vicious, even criminal, for he has undergone several condemnations, is your equal.

Keep a good account, my friend. If you are the equal of all other men, it necessarily follows that all other men are your equals. It is a mathematical truth. It is impossible that A should equal B unless B equal A, in return. The principle, in virtue of which you have no one over your head, interdicts you from putting any one under your feet. Hasten to avow that this negro is a sovereign legitimate, inviolable and sacred, if you desire to guard your own crown.

But he is black, and I am white ! He is a beggar, and I am rich ! He is ignorant, and I am a College graduate ! He is stupid, and you see that I can reason ! Finally, he is an old scamp, and I am an honest man ; what the devil do you mean ?

Beware of arguing against yourself ! For, to conclude, be it said without reproach, you are neither the whitest, nor the most beautiful, nor the richest, nor the most learned, nor the most intellectual, nor the most virtuous of men. If you reduce this negro to slavery, you belong to the first Antinous, Rothschild, Humbolt, Voltaire, or Socrates, who wishes to lay hold of you. Would you prevail by force ? We have Rabasson, and Arpin the terrible Savoyard, who can throw you with a turn of the hand. Would you rely on your birth ! There still remains in the Almanac of Gotha, more than five hundred German dowagers, who will invite you to toil for nothing in their ditches ! The smallest canoness of Bavaria has at least sixteen or seventeen quarters more than you.

Admit, for it is safest, that there are no degrees at all in human dignity ; that none of us can rightfully put foot, or even hand, upon another.

What ! shall no one command ? Not even the wisest and best ?

Not even he ! If he be wise, let him counsel us ! If he be good, let him extend us a hand ! But I refuse him the right to oblige us against our will. The servant of a paternal despotism which, to fatten us, would put us in a cage !

Every man, good or bad, a sage or a fool, has the most unlimited rights over entire nature ; he has none whatever over the person of another man. A violence, an injury, a constraint, exercised over the humblest individual, is a real outrage upon that which is most august upon the earth. No intention, however pure, can justify such a misdeed. You may govern me, serve me, conduct me to happiness, if I have given you permission ; if not, not.

Happily, the idea of Right is spreading, at last, among men. We began by eating each other. To cannibalism has succeeded a regimen less nourishing, but more humane and sweeter, viz.: Slavery. Progress has transformed slavery into serfdom, serfdom into vassalage, vassalage into day-labor for wages. The vanquished in the great human battle, after having been roasted like sheep, have been harnessed like horses. They have obeyed the strongest, afterwards the most highly-born, and finally the most wealthy. It seems to me that people will soon begin not to obey anybody any longer. For it is not obedience to conform to the laws one has himself made, to fulfill engagements towards leaders one has himself chosen; this is commanding oneself.

Only, let us not compel ourselves to do things too difficult, or too disagreeable. Thirty-seven million individuals, uniting in society for the purpose of protecting more surely all their natural rights; this, I call an excellent thing. Society, to render all the services we hope from it, needs to be strong. It is necessary that it should possess rights, and the citizens alone can confer them. Therefore we tax ourselves for it, and we do well. Each of us abdicates in its favor the right of remaining at peace, of going to war, of administering justice, oneself, of going armed in the street, of recapturing our property wherever we find it, of hunting wild animals at all times and everywhere, of drawing salt water from the sea, of cultivating tobacco, of making gunpowder, of importing freely the commodities we need, &c., &c. But if, through excess of zeal, and to give more force to society, we cede the right to associate freely among ourselves; to assemble more than nineteen persons in one room; to think, speak, write, and print; the right not to be arrested without cause, and transported to Cayenne without judicial process; if, in a word, we should abandon ninety rights out of a hundred, in order better to assure the enjoyment of the ten others, where would be the economy?

Concede to society only the rights which she needs to serve us usefully; let us carefully reserve all those which the individual himself can use without danger. But, above all, let us be careful not to demand rights which are imaginary, absurd, in open contradiction with the very idea of Right.

I am not yet very old, and yet I have seen the blind populace demand, under the name of rights, things the most impossible and stupid, such as the right of labor, of assistance, of education, and even (I blush to write it) of insurrection.

The pretended right of Labor, which caused the blood of two or three thousand men to flow, in June, 1848, upon the pavements of Paris, may be stated in these terms: "An individual may rightfully take up arms to compel society to constrain certain other individuals to order, and pay for manual services which, at the moment, they do not need." Utopia of drunkards!

The pretended right of assistance is this: "You have capital, acquired by your own labor, or that of your father. If I should put my foot on your neck, to persuade you to divide it with me, I should be a mere robber. But

I level my gun at society, and force it to do you violence and despoil you for my benefit, and, so doing, I am a virtuous Revolutionist." For shame ! This game consists in making a promissory note, ramming it down a gun, and firing it across the body of society into the first property-holder who passes by.

The right of Education, (I have read the phrase, within a month, in a journal of high standing), is the foolish pretence of a poor man, who wishes to oblige the rich to pay for the education of his children. If the rich would believe me, they would pay it with a good grace, and it would be money well expended. But because I have a right to do a certain thing, it by no means follows that another man, my equal, has a right to compel me to do so. From the fact that the human person is naturally inviolable, it can never follow that we may violate, or constrain the liberty of another. Each of us may demand that no one shall do him harm ; if you wish to compel others to do you good, go lie in ambush on the high road at midnight, and beware of the police !

The right of Insurrection, under a government of universal suffrage, is the conspiracy of four individuals to subdue forty.

THE surface of the earth is soft and impressible by the feet of men ; and so with the paths which the mind travels. How worn and dusty, then, must be the highways of the world, how deep the ruts of tradition and conformity !

I have learned that if one advances confidently in the directions of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary ; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him ; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty, poverty ; nor weakness, weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost ; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

— Thoreau.

CHARLES G. LORING.

IN Boston has just died a man not disobedient to the heavenly vision ; who wedded the idea to the fact, never forgot the divine dreams he must in his cradle have had, but made them arms in the battle of life ; a certain romance and sentiment of truth and purity glorified whose old age, and who waxed valiant for the right to the end of his days, as he defended with a legal, that was moral power, the cause of the lowly and the enslaved ; who had a certain chivalry to come to close terms with the devil and give him no quarter, and prove him a non-entity ; whose great virtues, without the lesser vices, shone in all his looks, and manners, and deeds, so that what was indecent could not breathe in his presence, by which all men were uplifted and made better ; and to whom his country and the common humanity owe a debt.

When 'Dr. Arnold said he was not sure of a boy for loving good unless he also abhorred evil, I am afraid he had not made sure of that loving the good before which evil disappears. Mr. Loring said of Webster, who naturally gravitated to the truth and had to tear himself away from it, that he could not argue a bad case comparatively well. Mr. Loring had no wish or relish for arguing a bad cause at all. Goodness to him was the reality, and evil the void, so that, when one spoke to him of the woes of Christ, the man of sorrows, bearing all the sin and punishment of the world, he answered, it was his pleasure to believe Jesus the happiest person that ever lived. When he was asked to sit for his likeness, he said he did not want it to go further than his own shoulders had to carry it : but from those who saw it, his face will not fade. For he recognized what no one has so well written as Forceythe Willson, on the battle of our vessels at Fort Henry :

"But there was a hand at the wheel,
That nobody saw,
A something in every crank and wheel,
That made 'em answer their turn ;
And everywhere,
On earth and water, in fire and air,
As it were to see it all well done,
The wrath of the murdered Law,
Old John Brown at every gun."

C. A. BARTOL.

NOTES.

DR. BELLOWES is writing interesting "European Letters" to the *Liberal Christian*. In one of recent date, he says :

"The sheep-like way in which the crowds of tourists follow their leaders through Switzerland, doing up the things to be done, admiring what is set down to be admired, and seldom asking themselves one serious question as to what impression is really made upon their own minds and senses, is something incredible till one has seen it, and half makes one doubt the possibility of freeing the masses of human beings from the moulds of a few shaping minds."

In the order of nature, the "sheep-like way" seems, for a time, to be the only way. Jesus understood this when he said, "*Ye are the sheep.*" 'T is the plan of creation. Sheep ante-dates man. Man is first sheep. He likes to be well fleeced, and to follow. After that, he comes to himself. In our world to-day we are all mostly sheep. But, happy omen, *stray* sheep are here and there on the hills, and in the valleys. Some of these will perchance come to the stature of man. It has evidently become a question with them if they cannot. Is it not something to entertain such a question at all? Let us take courage for ourselves and each other. Let us say, the theory of development shall have new confirmations. Creation shall proceed! Our seventh day for rest we will enjoy ages hence. This be our song:

"The Future hides in it
Good hap and sorrow;
We press still thorow,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us, — onward —"

out of the sheepfold!

THOSE who have had aught to do in starting or conducting a church, well know how even a generous enthusiasm for an idea can fade out before the great anxiety that arises for the prosperity of "our society." The institution has no mercy. It presses a thousand petty claims, and threatens to die outright if they are not honored. None dare say, "Well, then, die!" and so the rallying point comes to be to keep that ship from going under. It can't be saved with all its freight. The half must go overboard, and no one pauses to consider *which* half. "Save all the trappings, and over with your wits!" is the standing order. So many an old hulk of a church rests to-day on *safe* ground, the *Prophet* driven out of its pulpit: in his place a *Performer*, wheezing away — not for dry bones, but flesh and blood — of the "better world," and "things of the spirit."

It is said that CAMÉNS was shipwrecked on the coast of Malabar, but swam ashore, holding up his poem, which he had mostly written at sea, in one hand. On hearing this anecdote, one standing by sneered, and said, "What a fool, to risk his life, and waste so much strength to save a bit of paper!" Which was the fool?

Is there any hell?

Why ask? Who that has had any experience can doubt?

But is there one in the next world?

One? Why not a great many?

I should think one would be enough.

That depends —

Upon what?

Whether it does the business.

What do you mean?

Whether it drives you into heaven.

I don't think I should need to be driven.

Then why not go at once?

How absurd!

Well?

THAT God hides himself so completely, is so invisible, should not make us believe in him any the less, but all the more, if we may by contrast with many of those called great among men, judge of him. In these great men, so omnipresent and finely arrayed, one can believe very little; they seem the flimsiest of illusions.

If God has used great men in times past to keep the little ones afloat, and from starvation of every kind, spiritual, moral, intellectual, physical, it is plain that he is now endeavoring to dispense with such an agency. He has initiated a *Democracy*, and comes more directly in contact with every body himself. To the professional mediators of this time he seems to say, "What is that to thee? I can do my own errands." So it happens that the common people can have the honor of an immediate audience. It is their ordeal. The old saying, "No man can see God and live," is true, if we may finish the sentence by adding, "as he lived before."

WE talk a great deal about God, and in a marvelously unnatural manner. Few people seem to know just how to speak the word. Is it not because to most people the word really has no meaning? It is often the commonest word in their vocabulary. If they are piously inclined — in the fashionable way — when they utter the

name of God, (gawd) they seem to be ill. Their efforts to praise him are the veriest subterfuges, which they have deceived themselves into regarding as the outpouring of a religious mood. Such solemn countenances, such wails of praise! If he could withdraw from hearing—but no, he must forgive, and wait till they know better. I once heard a man swear when he seemed to call the whole universe to his support. I have never heard the word God pronounced in any pulpit with such power and grandeur. In comparison most pulpit expressions are *a bit* profane. His voice was healthy, and his spirit stirred you as if it had taken hold on Omnipotence. His oath cleared up the atmosphere. God was summoned to some purpose; and the man himself was then and there pledged to a nobler life.

I ONCE asked a clergyman if we should see God, the Father, when we got to heaven. He said, "No, but we shall see God the Son, even Christ there." But what of that? The Jews saw as much,—so it is said. What, then, is it to see God? It is to have a sight *into* character—is it not?

WE are too fussy about our *morality* and *spirituality*. We make sensible people feel ashamed. No wonder the general run of people seek relief from the subject of religion save for the half of the one day in the week. Even their "irreligion" is more wholesome. Religion ought to be the simplest and most natural expression of intelligent life: not an attitude before the world, a straining to seem good, a whimpering and maneuvering before the throne. If I have an intimate friend, I put off formality in his presence, and omit a hundred things which in the presence of a stranger I am still weak enough to keep doing and saying. We know each other's spirit; we should be annoyed by any act that seemed to imply a doubt that we did not. A great deal is understood between us: we take all that sort of thing for granted. Now the affair is not much changed when one's friend is God. We do not wish to be oppressed by a sense of his mightiness. Nothing jars on the soul like the expression "Almighty Father." It puts God away; makes him loom above you with a command. The soul respects itself too much to sustain that relation. It does not *owe allegiance*. It delights in equality and friendship. It is a co-worker and co-lover. God is too modest to desire more. No one says to his friend, to express affection, "Almighty" &c., nor anything corresponding to that. Why must we address the Supreme in so stiff a way? All such protestations treat God as a big foreigner, and man as a beggar. They allow of no inti-

macy. Why does it surprise us that God should love man? Why should he not? How natural. Why cannot man naturally return this natural affection? Why, indeed, does he toll a bell, and *perform* his part? Reader, if your friend should treat you thus, you would show him the door!

MR. BROUGHAM says of his new play, in every speech he makes before the curtain, "It is not too sensational for the intellectual, nor too intellectual for the sensational. I have endeavored to hit the happy medium, hoping thereby to *draw* from both classes." Such tact would qualify Mr. Brougham for a successful preacher. He fills the theatre, he could fill a church. Of TACT a poet has written:

"Church, market, and tavern,
Bed and board it will sway!"

But this warning completes the verse:

"It has no to-morrow,
It ends with to-day."

WHAT will you do? We will follow truth, we will do homage to virtue, we will reverence the nature of man: but not with specious judgments, disfranchising the whole race for the glory of one! Whatever was beautiful, all that was true in the character of any, let it stand as it will and must with eternal significance. But why bawl their glory through the town? Why drive the holy one through the streets, a beast of burden bearing our sins? Let us quit this profitless shirking; let us bear our own infirmities, and with greater privacy: if we do not pet them so much they will part company with us all the sooner.

In the Peace Congress at Geneva, Garibaldi made the startling request that a Congress, to be composed of all the nations of the earth, should adopt the following Article:

"The Congress consecrates to the Priesthood the men most eminent for science and intelligence; it consecrates to *nothingness* every priest of ignorance."

The assembling of such a Congress would create a universal panic—among the priests. A strange way to make peace. What folly, too, when "*ignorance is bliss.*"

AN aged lady residing in one of the Western States, has, on two or three occasions, sent us poems she had composed on her birth days. We have been very glad to read them, as we have the num-

ber of interesting letters she has been good enough to write. In a letter recently received, she urges the claims of the country folk, and says :

"I sigh for society of the right stamp, and I wish some unselfish persons who are able both in talents and in pecuniary matters, would devote themselves to us in the country. There are two District school houses here, either of which they might occupy Sundays and evenings, say, for two or three months. They would find friends who would gladly give them bread and shelter. I cannot promise how much more, until the fruit of their labor begins to spring up, which would not be long. I care not whether the laborer be male or female. I am heartily tired with our ministers and lecturers, who confine their labors to the cities and villages, and populous places, as if the people of the country were of no account. When, if they would visit the country, and District school houses, if they did not receive so much, their friends would multiply, and their expenses would be less, and light would be carried to many who sit in darkness, and will not go in search of it.

"I despair of ever enjoying liberal society until some such means are used, and my heart mourns over the people to see them slaves to mammon and sectarianism."

We add one or two other paragraphs of interest from the same letter.

"I thank you for your insertion of the piece, 'What about the girls?' It is noble. My only criticism of *The Radical* has been that it was too exclusively given up to maledom."

"I derive my most substantial food from *The Radical*. There is every now and then a single piece that I think is worth the price for six months, and though I am poor, I do not yet know how to get along without it. My daughter, with whom I make my home, also praises it highly. I should, did circumstances and strength permit, canvas the town and neighborhood to obtain subscribers, though I think I should be successful only among thinkers and persons of deep experience, and the mass of persons are not of this description."

In one of her poems she speaks of herself as having had three births: one in the flesh, another when she united with the Orthodox church, and yet another when, at length, she came to view life under the light of Reason —

"And men and books imperfect seen,
I worshipped God with none between."

The following is the poem composed on her last birthday. We will take the liberty to commend *especially* that portion of it which refers to the church.

WRITTEN ON MY SEVENTY-FOURTH BIRTH DAY.

How like the swift-winged eagle
These years have flown away,
That on a retrospection
They seem but as a day.

And is it not a favor,
That while I linger here,
That this may be my last one
Excites no dread or fear?

While in my youthful period,
With mind not hard to please,
I clung to my instructors
As vines unto the trees.

So great was my negation,
So little did I know,
Of course I took for granted
What e'er they said was so.

They fed me with milk, and thus nourished I grew,
And little of thirst or of hunger I knew,
Until of an age stronger meat to require,
When forms had grown empty, and served but to tire;
Then, hungry, and thirsty, and feeble, and faint,
I turned to our preachers and made my complaint.
They said 'twas corruption, original sin,
Descended from Eve, and remaining within;
But said God would cleanse me since Jesus had died,
And I could not be saved unless thus sanctified.
Though that was an error — no such sin remained —
It sent me to God, and a blessing I gained.
It was more religion I sought to obtain,
I sought in great earnest, I sought not in vain.
I felt God so near me, so glorious, so good!
Yet I found not all in it they told me I would.
For I still had hard battles, contending 'gainst sin,
Though hushed was the tumult so lately within.
Though faith was much strengthened, clear, safe from despair,
I was still the same creature of suffering and care.
But the fruits of such favors remain with me still,
Giving full resignation to God's holy will,
And perfect contentment wherever I am:
So I hold that my life has not all been a sham.

But the church was declining and I was distressed.
 For warm zeal and sympathy now filled my breast.
 I labored to save her, but vain was my strife,
 For bigotry, selfishness, pride were all rife.
 I mourned over her, and exclaimed in my woe,
 "I can not live thus! O Lord, what shall I do?"
 Then a voice spake within me: "From the Church straight with-
 draw."

I did, and found aid in fulfilling the law.
 "You find you're in Babylon, out of her come,
 Lest you share in her sins and partake of her doom.
 She's leagued with oppressors, and shorn of her strength,
 God will call all his people out of her at length!"

Yet long have I tried (for my progress was slow,)
 The God-given rights of my nature to know.
 Dark despots have bruised me, and trod on my heart,
 Because I, a woman, was acting my part.

But blessed be the light, lately shining so clear,
 That no one need tremble, nor stand back for fear.
 Contented to follow, as well as I knew,
 Not with the multitude, but with the few,
 An unpopular set, in unpopular way,
 Who live as the leader the Jews once did slay.
 What though avoided, despised, and defamed,
 To be reckoned with them I am not ashamed.
 For such is the vanguard our Maker doth choose
 His army to lead, and his light to diffuse.
 O let me at last with this army be found!
 The thought makes my glad heart with pleasure to bound.

ELSIE STEWART.

THERE is nothing which so surely betrays the want of spiritual stamina in a man, as his finding himself *pained* on hearing expressions of opinion contrary to his own. Here we are in a world which challenges all alike to resolve its mysteries into knowledge. Is it God, why shall I not cherish and reveal my own thought? Is it man, why shall I not consider him, and freely make known what I think? And if I, why not another, and all others? Must I go through life suffering on account of the thoughts of another? I am not shocked at my own, they give me no pain; I have a real joy in them. I am very *reverent* towards them, while they last. Is it not the same with my neighbor? But he is not reverent towards *my* thought? Well, why should he be? Indeed, I do not care, I do not wish him to be; I know that he should not be, unless it is also his own. Therefore

I will live in peace with him, though I do not go hand in hand with him, and will not insult him by saying, "*I am pained to hear you say so.*" Let us cease putting on these sanctimonies, quit our whining, and believe that we are in a Universe that cannot be upset! Away with all assumption of superior right. Let us welcome our associates to equality. I would have each say to each, "Don't withhold for my sake a single thought you think. That alone would give me *pain*."

THE Lecture Season in Boston, this fall, was well begun by the Parker Fraternity, which opened its course on Tuesday evening, Oct. 1, in Music Hall, introducing Mr. Emerson, who spoke on "Eloquence." From a lengthy report in *The Commonwealth*, we take the following:

"The word 'eloquence,' strictly means out-speaking, outcry, and yet we always use the word to express a certain heat or spasm of feeling which surprises us in the usual level tone of solitary thought. All that has been claimed for eloquence are ascending strains, good voice, engaging matter, &c. We must come to the main power — power of statement. The essential fact is heat, the heat which comes of sincerity. Speak what you know and believe, and are personally answerable for. This goes by weight and measure, like everything else in the universe. We are not moved, except rightly, any more than stones fall without gravity. A man to be eloquent must have faith in his subject, and must have accurate knowledge of that subject. Men pay too little attention to their own thoughts and convictions. A young critic listening to the parts at a college commencement, said, that he did not care so much for the improvement shown, as to see how much of the *boy* the speakers had left in them. John Brown, who made at Charlestown, Va., the best speech made in the nineteenth century, showed us another school to send our boys to — showed us that the best lesson of oratory is to speak the truth and stand by the truth. Truth is so volatile and vital, it needs a full man to keep it for a moment. The orator of principle — he is the great man who always makes a divine impression, a sentiment more powerful in the heart than love of country, and gives perceptions and feelings far beyond the limits of thought.

Here lies the emphasis of all power — in the power of character, resting on the basis of truth. There is no other way. Your argument is ingenious, your language copious, your illustrations brilliant, but your major proposition is palpably absurd. Will you establish a lie? You are a very eloquent writer, but you cannot write gravity down. Eloquence is the power to translate a truth into a language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak. Such a practical conversion of truth, written in God's language, into Dunderhead's language, is one of the most beautiful weapons forged in the shop of the Divine Artificer. There is in every debate the previous question, "How came you on that side?" and unless it is known that the side advocated coincides with the opinions of the advocate, he must lose a most essential element of success. There is a state-

ment possible with every man, and that truth which he does not like to believe—a man must bend to it or die. This was the way with Mr. Hayne, who, after the famous reply of Webster in the Senate, left public life and retired, and, it is said, died of it. Webster chose evil for good, and Hayne was avenged; for it is certain that he who fights against the humanities, against the moral sentiments of mankind, fights with an adversary not subject to casualties. (Applause.) God and Nature are altogether sincere, and art should be as sincere."

In another part of this lecture, Mr. Emerson said :

"One of the forms of manliness is presence of mind. Fundamentally men all feel alike, and they alike in great heat can almost express themselves with almost equal force, but it costs great heat for a heavy man to come up with those who have quick sensibilities. Some men under pressure collapse entirely, and all their wit and fancy forsake them. Dr. Charles Chauncy, famous as a Boston clergyman a hundred years ago, was once told, while on his way to his weekly Thursday lecture, that a boy had just been drowned in the Frog Pond on the Common, and the good doctor was requested to improve the sad event in his prayer and remarks. The announcement had so unfavorable an effect upon the doctor's presence of mind that he was entirely unable to get any nearer the subject in his prayer, after repeated efforts, than to pray that "the Lord would bless all the little boys that had been drowned in the Frog Pond that day." There was no lack of talent and ability in this man, but his presence of mind was unable to stand the test of a sudden pressure. So great was the doctor's dislike for sensational preaching, that he was accustomed to pray that he might not be eloquent—a prayer which was answered."

WE are glad to announce the appearance of the Report of the Meeting held in Boston, May 30, 1867, to consider the "Conditions, Wants, and Prospects of Free Religion in America." It makes a neat pamphlet of fifty-six pages. In our opinion these addresses form a remarkable statement of the liberal and radical religious belief of America. We commend the pamphlet as deserving of the widest circulation. The following extracts from a number of the addresses are random selections.

I SHALL not be able to explain the condition of Universalism, unless we go back to the beginning. We are to consider then that the movement began in Calvinism. The first step was that the atonement of Christ included not a few, but *all* men; and the first preachers said that the foreordination of God, who had sent Jesus Christ to be an atonement, was to the effect that all men should be ultimately delivered into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Very speedily, however, Hosea Ballou started a secondary movement. He was a Unitarian Universalist, and did not place the stress upon the atonement that his predecessors had, saying that the fatherhood of God

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included the salvation of man. But he believed that all men would be immediately transported into happiness and holiness. His preaching marked the second step of Universalism. The third movement was that inaugurated by Paul Dean, when he endeavored to form what was then called the "restoration party" among Universalists; and that party, although it was then defeated nominally, is now the dominant one among Universalists; for the great body have followed Paul Dean's leadership and that of Dr. Sawyer, of New York. The majority of those who call themselves Universalists, in the United States to-day, believe that God's purpose is to improve mankind, and that bye-and-bye in His own good time, this object will be accomplished; so that at last, no matter how long it may be postponed, all men shall be made holy and happy." — *Henry Blanchard*.

"I REGRET that those who were called to the reformation in the land were not satisfied with being destructives. Immediately they went to again constructing. Our friend, I think, before me, deprecated the idea of the destruction of religious organization. I do not know that it is to be deprecated. I know that there cannot be any movement, any fellowship of anybody together without some form or some rules of government. But in a republic like this, if I understand self-government aright (I wish there was some better nomenclature; we have the term self-government, and we have the same term to represent self-government in a republic,) we have yet to learn something that shall recognize independence of the mind, and the truth that maketh free, and that by which if we are made free we are free indeed. . . .

"I say I represent myself. I am a kind of outlaw in my own society. It is a universal custom for us to rise in time of prayer. It is considered out of order for any to keep their seats. I have not felt free to do this for many years, and have been subjected to reproach and contumely by those with whom I have been associated. It is very difficult for us to be non-conformists with those with whom we associate. It seems to me that we show this infidelity (if I may so speak), this denial, in our disposition to follow in some of the acts of conformity more than in any other way. It is of little matter to me what the creed shall be as regards trinity and unity, as regards what has been explained here as Universalism, or in a more limited way. We know so very little of the after life, that I am glad that the intelligence of the age is leading us to apply our religion more to this life, and to every-day practice and every day necessity, and uprightness and goodness, and to enter into our heaven here." — *Lucretia Mott*.

"SPIRITUALISM is spreading as fast as its best friends can desire; and, I think, in manner the most desirable, not as a distinct sect; not as a separate church, with its written creed and its ordained ministers, and its formal professors. It spreads, silently through the agency of daily intercourse, in the privacy of the domestic circle. It invades the churches already established, not as an opponent but as

an ally. It modifies the creed and softens the asperities of Protestant and Romanist, of Presbyterian and Episcopalian, of Baptist and Methodist, of Unitarian and Universalist. It leavens, with invigorating and spiritualizing effect, the religious sentiment of the age; increasing its vitality, enlivening its convictions.

"It is not a sect, yet no sect ever spread with the same rapidity, nor ever obtained, in so brief a term of existence, a controlling influence over so large a fraction of manhood.

"Thus, if it should appear, that through the spiritual phenomena, whether spontaneous or evoked, to which the attention of the modern world has been invited, we may attain some knowledge of our next stage of life, it will be impossible to deny the importance of studying them. As the result of that study we may obtain rather outlines, discerned as through a glass darkly, than any distinct filling up of the picture of our future home. Yet enough may be disclosed to produce, on human life, a most salutary influence, and to cheer the darkest days of our pilgrimage here with the confident assurance that not an aspiration after good that fades, nor a dream of the beautiful that vanishes, during the earth-phase of life, but will find a noble field and fair realization when the pilgrim has cast off his burden and reached a better land."—*Robert Dale Owen.*

"I do not believe in old Unitarianism; I do not believe in the supernatural Lordship of Jesus Christ, nor of any other man; I do not believe one fact, or one story, or one suggestion of modern spiritualism. Not one jot or tittle of the whole, on either side, do I believe. Of course you will let me say so. In the interest of free religion, I am free this morning to tell you what I do, and what I do not believe, as you are free also to make your statement here. But I wish to advance beyond this, and to reach that heart of the question which lies far beyond any form of Orthodox or Liberal belief. It is this, that free religion in America depends upon the way in which your souls press onward to find the presence of God in America; to find the ever-present inspiration in your minds, and in your hearts, this moment, while you stand in that aisle this morning. I believe, friends and brothers, that, casting aside all preferences, every limitation, every partial belief, not stopping to emphasize even anti-supernaturalism, nor the single thoughts that are subsumed in this great movement, as God himself this moment subsumes you all, men and women, and at this moment takes you up in the hollow of His hand, we must have the liberal religion of His immediate presence. And if we ever emphasize what is subsumed, it is that we may proceed to the great work of emancipating our minds from all the Old Testaments and New Testaments supernaturally interpreted, from old statements and new statements, from specialties of every description, from partialities and personalities, from temperaments of every shade and color, leaving them out of the way, putting them down and trampling them under foot,—as we press forward to discover and obey that voice of what the Heavenly Father means this morning, as He speaks to our secret heart; to hear God's immediate purpose for

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to-day's America. To every kind of religionist, what does He say, what does He propose, what is the secret whisper, what is the secret pressure of that divine influence, that is now striving to fuse you all into one blood and one faith, and make you in truth and in fact, brothers and children of the ever-present Father ; for He tells you this morning what your religion ought to be this afternoon ; He will tell you this moment what you shall do when the hour of noon strikes to-day, the hour of duty, the hour of present need, the hour of brotherhood, of pure philanthropy, of simple truthfulness between man and man, the hour of Yea and Nay. Whatsoever is more than that will bring evil to free religion in America : your minds will not become emancipated, and there will not be organized here a true and perfect Commonwealth of God." — *John Weiss*.

"THE radical movement, then, is not a "Christian" one in the common meaning of that word, although, in its best meaning, I believe it is eminently Christian. We profess no special discipleship to Jesus. We are disciples simply of the Spirit and the Truth, wherever they are found. We acknowledge no authority, whether in thought or action, but the intrinsic authority of truth, righteousness, and love. To this we bow most reverently. We utterly discard that principle of authority upon which all organized "Christian" churches are built, and take our stand on the ground of spiritual freedom, — free religion." — *F. E. Abbot*.

"FOR one, I ape no more the brute vernacular of the world, nor ask that to instruct my soul what it shall say ; but rather come to teach that the mother-tongue of Spirit. The genius of the living Whole is within us, it is ours, and the essence itself of our spiritual being. Where religion is, God is, — the voice and the speaker, — the everlasting Word proceeding forever from the Father in the sonship of humanity, — the Word spoken in innumerable souls, and syllabled in a thousand dialects ; here breathed in the mild accents of meditative wisdom ; there hymned sweet, flute-like, infinitely melodious, from the lips of enchanted saints ; again, blown across the passionate turmoil of time in the trumpet-blasts of indignant prophets ; but ever the same Word, ever the voice of Spirit, saying, I AM. The logic and legitimization of religious belief are found in religion itself. Spirit self-affirmed, — this is the premise ; and with this we have the whole vast conclusion, which is the spiritual thought, the spiritual life and achievement of humanity, before us." — *D. A. Wasson*.

"WE are all very sensible, it is forced on us every day, of the feeling that the churches are outgrown ; that a technical theology no longer suits us. It is not the ill-will of people — no, indeed, but the incapacity for confirming themselves there.

"The church is not large enough for the man, it cannot inspire the

enthusiasm which is the parent of everything good in history, which makes the romance of history. For that enthusiasm you must have something greater than yourselves, and not less.

"The child, the young student, finds scope in his mathematics and chemistry, or natural history, because he finds a truth larger than he is; finds himself continually instructed. But, in churches, every healthy and thoughtful mind finds itself in something less; it is checked, cribbed, confined. And the statistics of the American, the English, and the German cities, showing that the mass of the population is leaving off going to church, indicate the necessity, which should have been foreseen, that the church should always be new and extemporized, because it is eternal, and springs from the sentiment of men, or it does not exist. One wonders sometimes that the churches still retain so many votaries, when he reads the histories of the church. There is an element of childish infatuation in them which does not exalt our spirit for man." — *R. W. Emerson.*

"MR. CHAIRMAN, my faith in the immortality of truth, and in the spirit of freedom, is as unbounded as in boyhood. My faith in organizations to bring it about, especially in organizations that take the form of churches, and the limitations of the Christian name, has faded year by year. If it is necessary that any one should stand here as some one suggested, to speak for those who do not claim for themselves the Christian name, who have never claimed it for themselves (reverently be it spoken), I desire that in default I may be that one. For, if I have seen anything clearly for the last twenty years, it is this, that whatever noble significance may be put upon the word Christian, yet where any body of men accept it as a bond of union, or even where any man singly accepts it as a personal distinction, the body weakens itself, or the individual sacrifices his strength, and thenceforward has to spend half the remainder of his life in proving that he has a right to the name. If we believe that Christ was the greatest of men, let us say so. If we believe that Jesus was the noblest of our leaders, let us recognize him, as far as we can recognize any leader. But the moment we take his name, or any other human name, as a basis of union, from that moment, it seems to me, even if the integrity of the soul remains, the freedom of expression is gone; and from that time forward, we cease to spend our lives in simply being men, and try to find some equivocation, some knot-hole by which we may creep into manhood, and claim to be technically Christian at the same time. — *T. W. Higginson.*

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BOOK NOTICES.

NOTES ON WALT WHITMAN as Person and Poet. By JOHN BURROUGHS.
New York: American News Company.

Hawthorne remarks of the London hack critics that "there are no gentlemen in the world less sensible of any sanctity in a book, or less likely to recognize an author's heart in it." It would be difficult, indeed, to find more leaden obtuseness than is shown in some of the British Quarterlies. Glancing over a long review lately in one of them, of a great living poet, our eye caught first numerous quotations — lines of perennial beauty, the very gems of the Poet's genius which had so crystallized among our "branched thoughts" that every wind of memory would set them sparkling. Here, at last, we exclaimed, is something like appreciation! But looking a little closer we found that these extracts had only been made to be held up to ridicule as singular atrocities under the name of poetry! This systematic reviewing of books which is such a trade across the water, and pursued quite as mechanically as tailoring or cobbling, has never got thoroughly established here; and let us all pray that, along with the rinderpest, it may be kept far from our shores. We have, indeed, no small amount of shallow criticism afloat; but an author with us is, after all, generally left to find his true level by the simple law of gravitation without outside interference. But here is a critic of quite another stamp, as ought, surely, to be the case in studying so extraordinary a man and his works. These views are taken from the stand-point of enthusiasm and reverence. It wants the keenness of the natural, healthy eye — not the weak-eyed hack critic's spy-glass — to study a work of genius; and nothing can take the place of a sensitive retina and perfectly developed optic nerve. If it does not absolutely require a poet to judge a poet, it at least demands a large share of the raw material — the stuff of which poetry is made in the critic; and Mr. Burroughs has some fitting qualities in this respect; which have already been shown in the pages of the Atlantic Monthly by some of the most refreshing sketches of out-door life since Thoreau's. In the mere point of style the Notes are not quite equal to those, and there are some passages too rhetorical; but the theme is deeper, and there is shown throughout a striking power of penetration and an acuteness of analysis quite marvellous. Observe, for instance, the comments on

"When Lilacs Last in Dooryard Bloomed."

A recent English writer compares Walt Whitman with Homer and Shakespeare, and places him on an equal pedestal with them. But it seems to us that it is by Homer, if either, that his work is to be illustrated. Homer's verse is epic because he sang the genius of his age. Standing upon the highest summit, his comprehensive vision embraced the whole surrounding view; and his hand was able to score upon imperishable rock the high-water mark to which the tide of humanity then reached. Valiant deeds in warfare were the divinely appointed task of that age, and as fatally neces-

sary in the progress of the race as were afterward the discourses of Socrates and the Sermon on the Mount; and the day had not come for attempting "to cure the deadly ills of nations by sprinkling them with rose-water!" The epic theme of that time could only have been warfare. But this vital growth of the epic which has spread its branches through the literature of every nation which has accomplished anything in history, is not narrowly limited to a single subject. Its quality is catholic. Our epic must chant the divine impulses of our own day. The whole force and energies of the ancient Greeks did not rush more resistlessly toward the accomplishment of heroic deeds of arms than our own do toward the achievement of ameliorating conditions of humanity — toward paternity and democracy. There were those who would shirk the tasks of their vocation then as now; and there were doubtless, many valiant men in those days of strife who were sincerely averse to the spirit of their age; but most of such were probably drawn into the resistless current, and served as brave warriors; just as now many true souls to whose tastes and predilections the modern tendency is wholly repugnant, are forced into its service sooner or later. It was sometimes amusing during our great national awakening to see in a great assembly the swinging of caps and waving of handkerchiefs, at some extra radical sentiment or song, seemingly without the will or volition of the owners, who in conservative meditations thereafter must have wondered what sudden lunacy had fallen upon them! The very deeds of our revolution less than a century ago are rehearsed with burning cheek and flushing eye by men who are shocked at such radicalism as the proposal of negro suffrage. The spirit of the age seems moulding every intellect to its own purpose. There is none, even, on whom its influence is more conspicuous than Carlyle — the most notably stubborn and rebellious example. Our task is appointed us; and no resistance will avert it. Our heroic deeds can only be accomplished in this cause. Whether Walt Whitman has written the epic memorial of all this it is not for any one or number of his contemporaries to decide. The final decision is left to a process similar to that which Darwin describes as establishing new species; but it may be safely said that no contemporary has produced a poem of such vastness and sublimity, and which reaches such a depth in our souls. His place is established with a larger audience than the present generation can furnish. Some may complain of the architecture of his verse — though to our own view it seems one of the rarest feats of adaptability which literature furnishes — and we may pathetically wish, as Carlyle did over the pages of his glorious Wilhelm Meister, "that its morals were quite otherwise"; but we must deal with heaves of Sears as an established fact in literature.

Mr. Burroughs has been in intimate companionship with the Poet for several years, and this little book records his impressions. Its biographical sketch is particularly valuable, and there is also an interesting account of the various editions of Mr. Whitman's work. But the greater space is devoted to the poetry itself; and much trenchant discussion of the attitude of American literature is introduced. The reception which the Poet has received from the reviewers and literary men of his country is spoken of,

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indeed, in terms not altogether complimentary. The style is condensed and full to overflowing with the most original thought. One could make a rare collection, even, of striking thoughts in isolated sentences; and the force and beauty of very many paragraphs, if space permitted their quotation, would prove the work worthy of eminent place in literature.

M. B. BENTON.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG as a Philosopher and Man of Science, by RUDOLPH LEONARD TAFEL. Chicago: Meyers & Chandler.

It cannot be said that the disciples of Swedenborg neglect any opportunity of exalting the fame or extending the dominion of their prophet. They have written biographies of him, issued vindications, published authenticated accounts of his wonderful doings, translated his chief works into English, printed cheap editions of them, and pressed his doctrines upon the public in every legitimate manner. Dr. Tafel pursues a new method, which, in some respects, does not seem quite so legitimate or pertinent as those commonly adopted. He compiles, laboriously, from seventy-two miscellaneous sources, or as he calls them "authorities," scraps of testimony to avouch the scientific and philosophic merits of Swedenborg. The witnesses utter all degrees of eulogium from all degrees of eminence. They range the whole way from Balzac to Dr. Baur, from Gilfillan to Carlyle, from "The Idler" and "Douglas Jerrold's Magazine," to the "Christian Examiner" and the "New American Cyclopaedia." Here are Emerson and Coleridge, Berzelius and Morell, the Penny Cyclopaedia and the New York Tribune. We notice, not approvingly, that the most numerous citations, and the longest too, are from professed and well-known believers in Swedenborg's claims. Dr. J. J. G. Wilkinson is quoted sixteen times, Carlyle once, Balzac, Baur, Dumas, once; the Christian Examiner and the New York Tribune, once. Some of the authors speak merely as advertisers of literary wares; some as newspaper reporters and critics; some as popular lecturers and fine writers, whose opinion on the matters in hand is quite valueless. Some deal out very qualified praise; with others, the unqualified nature of the praise is a reason for distrusting it. One or two, — Mr. Emerson, for example, — have expressed opinions respecting Swedenborg's pretensions, which would look oddly in contrast with the laudatory language which Dr. Tafel ingeniously extracts from their works. In fact, by diminishing all the questionable and impertinent names on Dr. Tafel's list of vouchers, it would be easy to reduce his imposing array of witnesses to a small but respectable company, nearly all of whom are believers in the New Church dispensation. But allowing them all to stand and hold up their hands unchallenged, it is not clear to us how the claims which Swedenborg put forward, are to be advanced by their votes. The value of a Sear's discoveries cannot be tested by indiscriminate ballot. His vouchers must be weighed not counted. Nor does what these names prove, supposing them to prove anything, prove anything to the purpose, in our time. That Swedenborg should have anticipated so many scientific inventions and discoveries is no doubt very amazing, very unaccountable,

and stunning. Perhaps he did not anticipate so many as his enthusiastic friends believe: perhaps his anticipations were less plain than they are represented. No matter: grant that they were all that has been asserted. What of it? What link is there between the scientific discoverer and the prophet? What logic can deduce spiritual revelations from physiological acuteness? How does the metallurgist involve the Seer? Let Swedenborg's claims as a philosopher be duly attested by a philosophic court, and a step would indeed be taken towards preparing men for his spiritual teaching. But this Dr. Tafel apparently thinks superfluous. The first part of the volume, treating of Swedenborg as "The Philosopher," occupies two hundred and sixteen pages; of these, *thirty* are devoted to his philosophy, and *three* to his theology; the remainder are filled with miscellaneous averments touching his greatness, his style, his science, the importance of his physical, physiological and mineralogical works. Eighteen pages are taken up with an account of his published and unpublished writings. This, Dr. Tafel, is not satisfactory. Curiosity may ask what Swedenborg did in science: but science goes on safely and well without Swedenborg; does not even acknowledge its indebtedness to him; for the most part has not found it out to this day. Nobody appeals to him as an authority in anatomy or in physics. His interest with modern men rests solely on his *Seership*. To his spiritual revelations he owes his fame. He is a prophet, or he is nothing. Many of these witnesses to his scientific character call him insane as a teacher of religion, and most of those who revere him as a man of faith are profoundly indifferent to his merits as a physicist. And so was he himself. Nothing we think would more humiliate him than such a book as this of Dr. Tafel's. Yes, one thing might more humiliate him, namely, the use of his name as the high priest of a sect, and the founder of a church.

O. B. F.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT, New York, have handsomely inaugurated, in the publication of KING RENE'S DAUGHTER, and FRITHIOF'S SAGA, the commendable enterprise of giving to the American public, translations of some of the best known poems of foreign literature. KING RENE'S DAUGHTER is from the Danish of Henrik Hertz, translated by Theodore Martin. FRITHIOF'S SAGA is from the pen of a Swedish Bishop, Esaias Tegner. Both admirably fulfil the design of the publishers, that of giving the most popular poems of foreign lands. The singular loveliness of Hertz's picture of Iolanthe, the blind daughter of King René, cannot fail to charm every reader. The production of the Swedish Bishop deals, in a truly poetical manner, with tales and myths of the Norse land, and still more with the old, old sorrows and joys of the passionate heart of man. These delightful volumes will be immediately followed by Lessing's NATHAN THE WISE, Goethe's HERMANN AND DOROTHEA, and other famous pieces, illustrating French, Spanish, Italian, Norwegian, Russian, Turkish, and Sanscrit poetical production. Every friend of culture for our American people must hail with satisfaction the appearance of the very elegant volumes in which such treasures of song are set forth.

T.